

earthies

CIRCLE DANCES, ANIMALS AND
PREVIEWS

By Lee Roscoe

Poems for the passage through life

EARTHIES

CIRCLE DANCES, CREATURES, AND PREVIEWS

BY LEE STEPHANIE ROSCOE

For Elon in Childhood.

Going from the house backwards - through our childhoods - outdoors to the past and future syntheses.
Read these in a shadowed forest by a lake at dusk.

INTRODUCTION

What I was thinking about when I first conceived this collection in 1982 was this:

In a day of confusing roles for adults, of bewildering expectations for children, there is a choice between Creation and Destruction. Societies may favor what is alive, creative, or what defeats life. The tools of our culture carry a duality: it may not be the thing itself but how it is used which produces a negative or positive result. For instance, children may be depersonalized by computers in school or use them as constructive tools. They may be fragmented into non-thinking passive beings by television, or learn from it. Yet overall, it is hard to find a sense of "self" or of "other" when surrounded by and too dependent upon "things," objects outside of your own creating. A materialistic, fragmented culture suffused with objects creates its own engine which tends to motor inevitably towards a linear End--creating job slavery, a huge disparity between haves and have nots on the way--even as a natural, cohesive culture moves quietly in renewing circles to redistribution. (It is not that in tribal cultures one lives with nature deliberately but that in order to provide a pleasurable life for all, tribal societies must come to terms with nature or perish.)

In some of the poems I suppose I make some conciliatory moves toward specialization and its mechanical outcome including technology's liberating, selected uses as a possibility for something harmonious. But my heart stays with nature, with the lighter load of earlier cultures, of campers, of romantics.

At last it is from some real contact with the natural world as participants that beings are brought back into communication with soul, love, wisdom and even art. Without a worthy material culture rooted in the ground, the immaterial urges which need fulfilling may become elusive abstractions. By going back to basics, to first loves of humankind as it were, we can restore some vestige of a clarity through simplicity to souls hurt by an age of transition, an age with a survival-necessity based on the accoutrements of greed and materialism.

Yet the aforementioned impassioned sense of soul, love, art as the more essential prerequisites for a life than the choices of how we provide for ourselves with a living are in themselves abstractions which become attenuated, too airy, unless they are rooted in the ground.

It is not enough to love, nor is it enough to have a lifeway which is softer and less destructive to men and nature. Some lifeway must be found which allows love to flourish, just as a loving sense of values must bulwark any alternative lifeway. A life-way can foster love or destroy it. We have seen this in the past century and sorely need an antidote, some synthesis of the primal with the civilized.

I wrote this at the height of the counter-culture era, and I kept returning to it.

It is the beginning of the puzzle pieces for a rite, a circle of parts. I never did quite get it figured out—but suffice it to say, that frivolous though many of the poems are, they have a deeper intention collectively.

I suppose it is a rite of passage (albeit unfinished) for childish adults, precocious children, and those in between. The poems divide into pieces corresponding to the ritual of living, the rite of passage baby hood to childhood, youth, adolescence and adulthood, better expressed as creation, provision and survival, socialization, and spirit. Perhaps you can complete it for me, or use it to create rites for your “tribe.”

There are pieces of the day: the sunrise, the full sun, the orange set, the night with the moon or stars, the night before day. There are four to eight weathers: the cloud, the rain, the brightness, the snow; the heat the cold; the dryness, the wetness. There is the light and the dark. There are four to eight winds. There are four to eight seasons in which we live. There are different skills for each season, the gatherer, the hunter, the planter, the fisher. There are parts of the mortal process, birth, growth, maturation, death, rebirth.

There are four to eight times of history, for each tribe and people, for the world.

(Each culture has the parts, defined differently. These circles interlock and spiral.)

For the linear thought, these circles are separate. For the others, the circles are interconnected, inseparable, and even the stations of their dance are not the same always. Thus it remains a mysterious thing, not completely clear but always ponderable.

And at last an apology (not to the Iroquois) but the Algonquian and Lakota peoples, in particular the Wampanoag. I have used years of looking at etymology via dictionaries and tales via reading to come up with my own version of the cyclical nature and meaning of belief figures and words. By no means does this represent what the tribes think about their own idioms and indeed even my spelling is likely not what the tribes would prefer. As an outsider (albeit with indigenous friends), no one ever let me in to learn-- fearing more cultural thievery or misunderstandings—and now perhaps I have done just that. But I meant to be inspired by a people's subtext and text which I respect, (even as we are all inspired by the world we live in and make metaphor of it), mean to—as many cultures including their own do, take metaphor and image and change it, circle it towards other meanings for the common language of the human heart. (Synthesis. A way to think about the world.) As the scholar Raymond DeMallie has said of the Lakota: individuals could “resynthesize the general body of knowledge that constituted belief.” Although rituals remained structurally the same, the visions of those who had them contributed to the body of belief.

Hare (Nanabohzo)	Flint (Chakekenapok)	Wolf (Natoquos/Chipiaposo)	Hare (Wabasso)	Twins	Trickster
Creation	Survival	Provision / Rivalry	Transformation	Conflicts	Choice
Animal	Physical body and place nature	Alone	Society	Choice	Soul Ancestors
Baby	Child	Teen	Adult	Age	Death/spirits
Gatherer	Fisher/Hunter/Tool-maker	Storage Trader (food for goods)	Farmer/ Maritime mercantilist	Urban	Technological
Nomad	Intensification of gathering in niches Village	Temple/Castle Organized religion, organized war	Town	Fortress	City
Spirits	Totems, Masked spirits	Beast gods	Man-gods	God	Science
Summer	Fall		Winter	Spring	
Southwest	Northwest	South/Northeast	North	Southeast	East/West
Clan	Tribe	Hierarchy	Democratization	Rebellion/Expansion	Colonization/Empire

creation/ animal/ place-survive /provide / rivalry(love) / choice(destroycreate) spirit

hot island place floods, volcanoes

sea crossing/ mountains ice&flood recreation, invasion

instruction in how to behave, how to provide and take care of. destruction,
restoration(cure), reinstruction

Cosmos

Loss of mystery

Attenuation from earth

Externalization, objectification

materialization concretization

separation

Earth Mystery Vision

Internalization of Spirit

Fluidity

Unification

Immediacy/danger

Nature/independent humans linked to animals

And plants, to spirit

Concern for many is security for one

Decentralized, smallness, free, pure

culture, group interdependent

centralized, controllable by needs

mass urbanism/ concern for self

impure/not free

impersonal, over-strong, artificial

Over-energized evil

civilized

secondary sufficiency, dependent

tribal

primary sufficiency

Much of Algonquian mythology, indeed of all Indian belief systems, seems to me to be a part of a process containing great intricacies; circular and interchangeable in some parts, according to the spiral of Indian thought which is NOT the linear progression of Western minds.

The myth parts of the Algonkians represent winds, directions, perhaps even times of the year, the times of day from dawn to dusk, the phases of the moon, the seasons, the terms of mortality from to death, and rebirth, the patterns of cosmic forces, even perhaps elementals such as spirit (air), water, ice, rock. I have interpolated the myth parts into a rite of passage the parts of which are Creation (and Transformation), Survival and the gathering of Provisions, Rivalry (envy, uncaring, unloving), Choice (to Provide, Create and continue or to Over Provide and Destroy). These in turn correspond with the patterns of growth common to all cultures: The identification with the Animal and nature in the very young; the Physical being in the child; the being Alone in quest of a self in the Adolescent; the being in Society in the young adult, and the Spiritual being which attains wisdom in Age.

It is possible that the tales of the Spirits of Hare and its Twin, of Flint and Wolf the annamaqui, might symbolize human phases which I have interpreted for the purposes of the poems in this book as: The Animal/Physical Being in Nature/Infant (the spirit of love); The Physical (with or without nature)/ Child; Aloneness (questioning)/ Adolescent; Society/ Socialization and Choice/ Young Adult; Love-maturation Procreation/ Adult; Spiritual Nature/ Soul/Wisdom/ Age.

The process presents circles of Creation; Survival; Rivalry (jealousy, envy, uncaring, unloving); Choice (harmony or selfishness and imbalance) to Provide and Create (continue) or to Over-Provide and Destroy. These match loosely with times of the years, winds, cosmic forces and the terms of mortality.

For my own purposes I have extended the inter-related symbols to include our Cultural Evolution as a species. Traditionally those parts change from:

Hunter, fisher, gatherer to agriculturalist; village and Big man; state; empire.

I prefer to interpret the parts more generally, not just in terms of the specific mechanics but the states of socialization: 1/ Hunter 2/ Fisher- Agriculturalist/Villager 3/Walled groups; Town 4/State; City 5/Empire; Technology Increase (Factory workshops) 6/Expansion, Fall; and Destruction

ONE

Creation/Animal/Baby
The Southwest

(Otter, by the small stone circle of fire is the narrator, as you make the rite of passage around the circle of the lake and down the passage of the days and out from the long house of the rite to the light, says:)

“Manabohzo, the brown hare wiggles his ears and stands on hind legs as he emerges from his mother with his brothers Wabasso, white hare and Wolf and Flint. The spirits are born to the four earth quarters: the Fooler, and the Fooled who is the Learner, along with Chipiapoos, the Wolf, the Visionary, Singer and Hunter, and Flint-Chakekenapok, He Who Lies in Place and Tool Giver. This last kills the mother in being born. See them emerge in the fog by the otter colored lake. Hare wars with Flint.

Flint falls to the ground amongst the “old woman rocks” and the “old man trees.”

The grandmother says, little hare, you are so loveable.

The helpless Animal self by his foolishness plays and begins to learn.

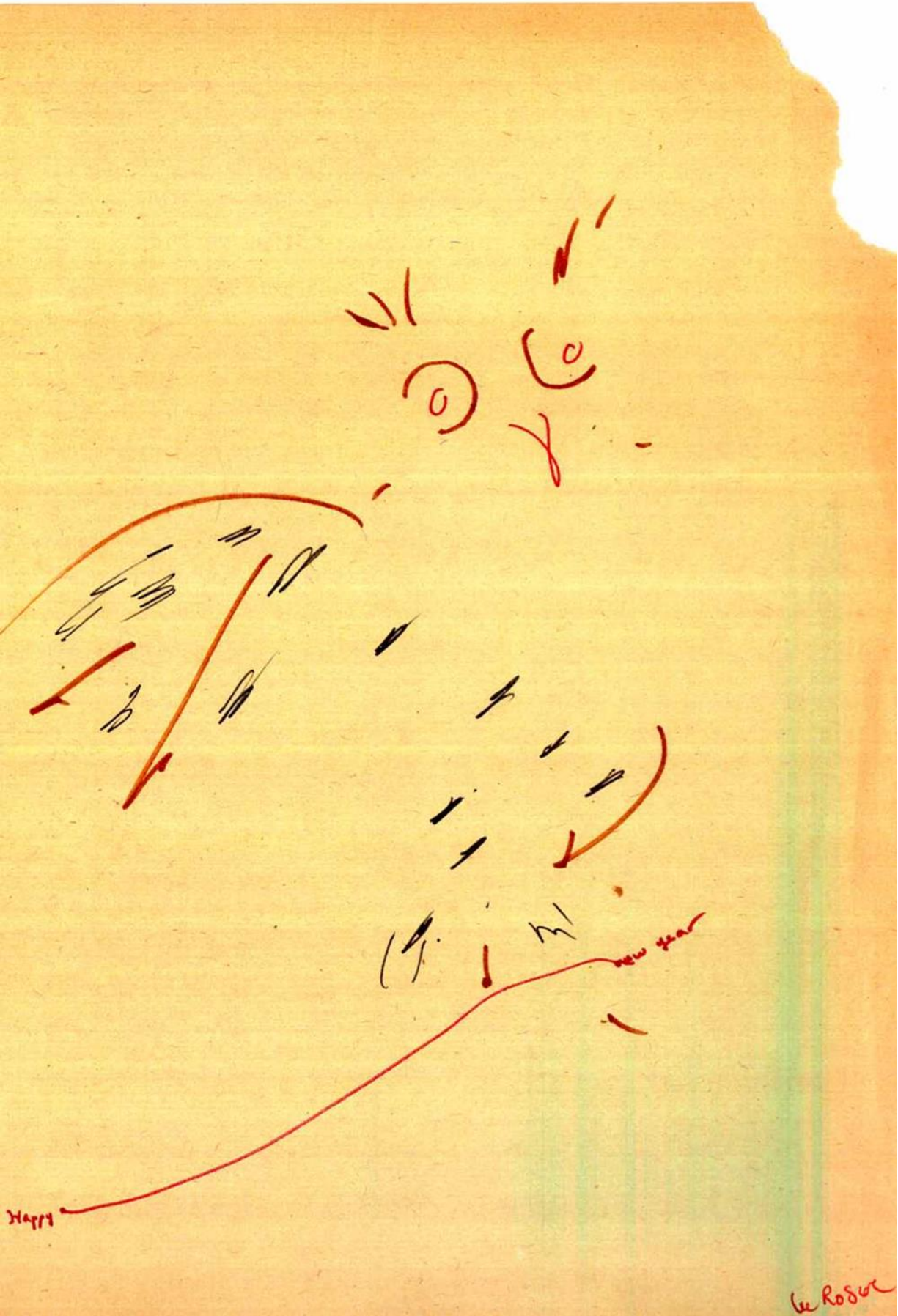
(Here on a hot island we lived until volcano and flood made creation’s daughter build us canoes to take us across the ice bearing seas westward.)

Part I

Animal/Creation (beginning) Child

*I am the owl
who can prey upon the moon
for I know the moon
from the sea which holds it
netted for my beak. I wish myself into being*

*as I was born
so the universe took hold of man*



Reversed Metaphor

Sheep in the gloom
Curl their "bahs" like smoke,
Even the falcon who fumes and chokes
Flaps gentled near their hooves.

Lambs so loving will be loved. Ewes
Have no need for horns,
May live on ruminations' reaps.

Delivered direct from grassy thornless
Hills
Which wall our gaze and loom
Pick down from granite cliffs
All willy-nill,
To valley's pond-size pastured
Lick
Of perfect dewy green.

All is closed in by fog
Not even peaks perceived
Where trolls prowl knolls.

Some pure, some filled with blackened rain,
Fur wisps like cirrus tips
Smogs in ringlet daubs.
Some flowery, fluffing, clump in trains.

The sheep know they are clouds made real;
Wherefore they nuzzle their long cheeks
And twitch their flippered ears
And meekly
Smile like some sages,
Bewitching in ravines.



Dog

This whelp day's like a good old dog
Whimpering jumbled at my feet.
How he woggles as he sits;
Arranges paws to tuck and fit.

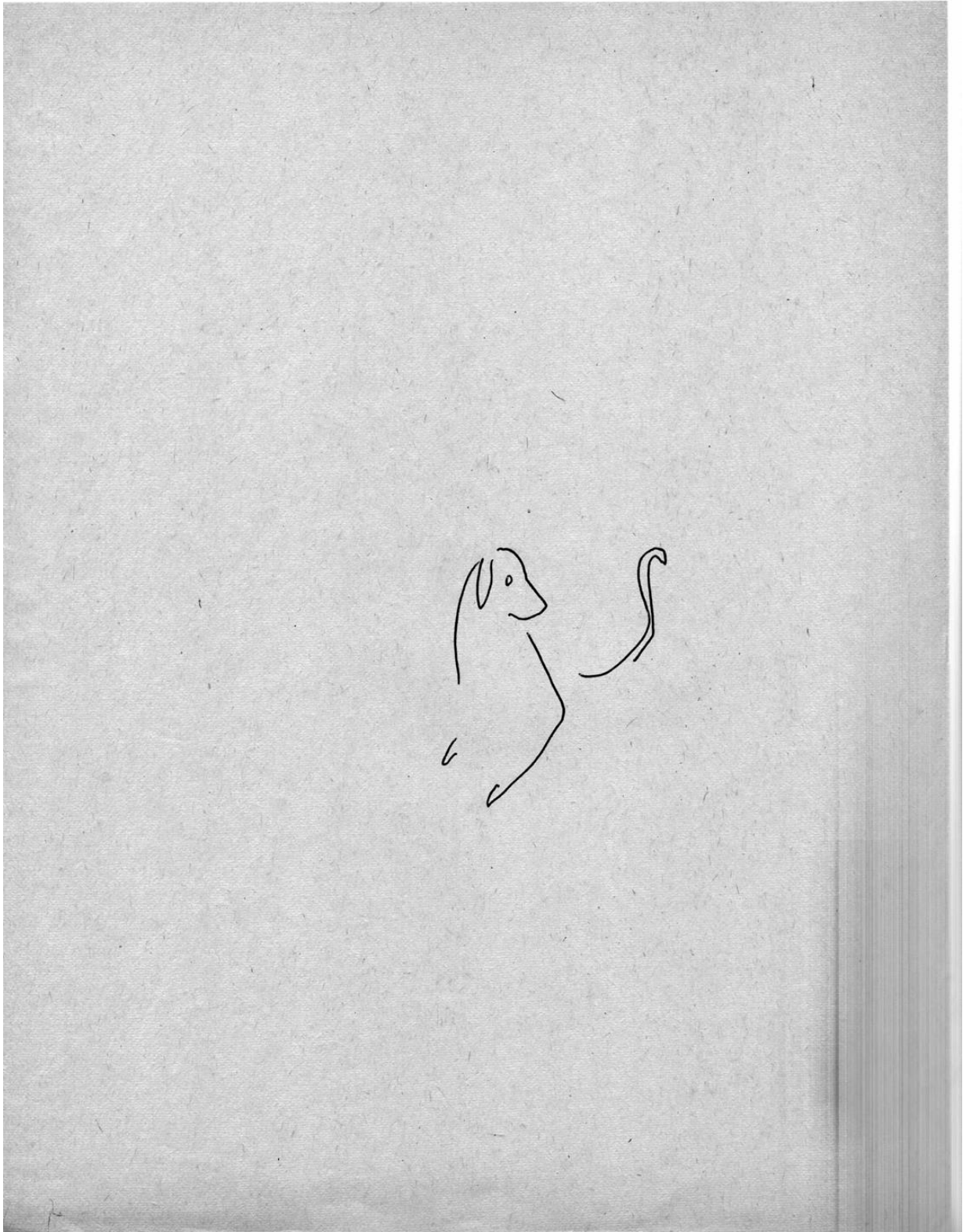
We hold this sunny neck around
Warm and poised. This moment downed is
Like the mallard shot to ground
Pointed for, then brought to hand.

Take the time to listen, breathe
Before he pants activity.
This old dog day, Memory,
Truly here is gold retrieved.

Turn phragmites in the wind
Tickled on the tum of him.
Yielding a tail stretched up,
Lie and roll, the marsh hay tufts.

Salt grass scratched and brushed as clean
As the hairs on puppy's back;
Beige and stiff, pine-quilly paws
Run to greet what was once dreamt
You my wish, now real to pet.

I have found you once again,
Tranquil stroke the heat of day.
We sit for time, unwind and play
Odored like a woolly clay
Like a good old dog this day.



Grice

Since crows can count
and parrots speak
and bowerbirds build houses.
What makes us humans so unique?
I guess it be our grouses.

October Race

Black stud night,
saddlebag moon
sweat stars anoint, flecked quietude.

Color knits in twilight's cloak:
hilled ochre, pilled eggplant
green triangle twilled wool;
carded a corn-mute jackolantern's spill.

Jagged with fretted
shucked birch, vine chalked,
loom cranberries tatted,
bogs twined in relief.
Bark pins in the worsted, texture and piece.

Ore plumes embroidered on smoke mocha oak;
piqued the pigment points, sheet copper cut;
"sad murrey" oils a hard garnet rust,
polishes speed on the racer's flank, dusk...

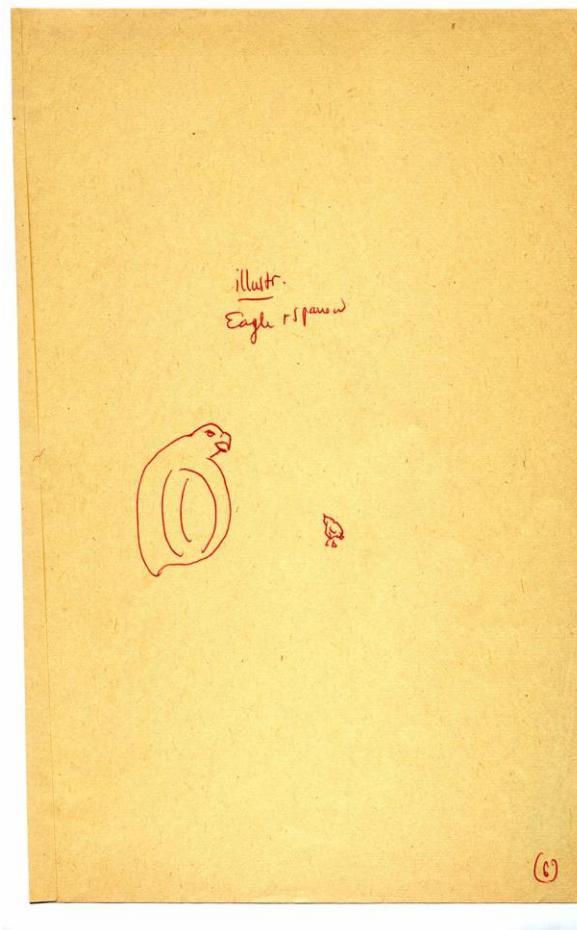
Wild plum, goldthread, aged maple dyes
pearled in the blanket, thrown on his side.

Black stud night,
slung pack of a moon
sweat stars anoint, flecked quietude
coronas of lanterns near salt-boxes' ricks
shuttle on moebius, travel on quick.

Silk clean his coat, he, skies which rove;
No print on the round of his haunch will show.

rude tundra tarnishes bronze ironwood
varnish-twist brushes will corner their wrists.
lichen low creeping
near braked crescent dunes,
scrubs the night stallion
soon morning rise, down.

What did the Eagle say to the Owl?
"I've no Egrets, no Sparrows."



Of course the birds speak.
One only has to hear them freak
and chatter on a summer's day
to know their manic redundant chatter
is ecstasy communicated.

"Oh look, oh look, abundant mites."
"Flutter my wings, a worm, a worm!"
"Yes, I'm here. Less timid
midst the cheery branch, I pick the curls
Furled caterpillars fill my lunch."

From Boar to Pig (For C.W.)

Pigs with a purpose
Root up the surface:

Dry soil's in chaos
Like waves on a dais.

The pigs snuff in tension
Born from man's declensions
Of fences.

Once these shewed tusks:
The boar and his mask

Struck fearsome in parks
For kings and their dirks.

We tamed this breed
From blood sport to feed.

As large as a table
With wire brush cobbled

The sow on her hinders
Could reach to dad's shoulders.

The piglets look naked.
They nuzzle and shake--

Someday they'll be smok-ed and baked.

Rabbits

A party on the back lawn
Arrive. Arrive.

Two rabbits are leaping.
Alive. Alive.

One cleans his ear like a cat.
He follows the other, to romp and to chat.

One thumps her hind legs in place on the soil
To signal her mate of some unforeheard noise.

Out of the sky set three doves and a robin.
Our white kitten tails them like thread off a bobbin.

Another two bunnies race out now to join them.
Their back legs are longer than front ones for
running.

The four rabbits rise on their hind legs together;
Two jump o'er the others;
they wave their brown paws
And juggle and pummel.
They tumble,
as they run on.

Quick rabbits would nab it!
Some bliss of the sky.
They rummage the grasses
Like blueberry pie.

And after the eating and chirping subsides,
Four rabbits sit quiet, paws tucked up inside.
Their ears are relaxed, an occasional flick;
They seem to be thinking, or praying a wish.

They watch the furred twilight slink in through
through the wood
Content with their thriving
and summer's good coming
With grass thicken-

ing.

Content with their thriving when hard winter's passed
(with bark and downed twig, scarce food for the scratching)--

And button buds massing, arriving alive.

Now they can grow pregnant and silky and fat.

Kate and the Christmas Gift

Wha's tiss? said little Kate
Her eyes like a Christmas day
where baubles could bubble from trees
and flame lit their green balls to please.

She smiled, without all her teeth,
And everyone cheered like a wreath
with wood carver's berries and cherries
And holly and stiff bittersweet.

She pursed up her mouth like a mischief
Curled tissue-wrap gurgles of kiss-words.
We four picked her up for a cuddle
This muddle-squish present, a bundle.

She was learning to talk
While there in the hall
near the fluted pink mirror
On pine floors which glittered
was no, not a doll
But a Fur

A round yellow Fluff
with eyes pleasing up
And a beak like the nub of a pen--
Out of its mouth came an uncertain
"cheep,"
Then it flickered its wing stubs like petals.

Kate picked up the toy
pulled too hard on its tail.
It let out conspicuous noises.
Then she knew to turn gentle
Not to treat it like handles
As coyly she snuggled her joy.

(This is better, she thought
than climbing on Daddy
Who feeds me my candy and dinner
or pulling his hair
While I laugh to its thinning
or squeezing his bare
cheeks with all of my might!)

Now it was not April
When spring suns will turn full
as holidays rise up like lilies,
Instead it was Christmas
When snow laid its crispness
And mummy made brownies to fill--
And gingerbread houses with windows and shingles
and blue doors all mingled
with frosting and raisins and skill.

As Kate looked about, a pink nose came out
and with it, two long ears, pink eyes.

This gift from her brothers, a curious rabbit
Who jumped up and down in surprise.
This rabbit made habit
Once he was calm
Of rubbing his nose on the back of Kate's palm.
(If you scratch 'tween his eyes
He'll lick you and sigh
For this is how bunnies speak love.)

He followed her up and he followed her down.
He jumped in her lap,
his eyes closed to a slit
Where he waited around
just for a kiss.

Now Kate did not have a puppy or kitty
just two floppy friends
as soft as the morn

That she could help care for, and love and keep warm.

Christmas day over, her brothers would tuck her
 within the hand sewn platter quilt.
Her babe chick beside her, the rabbit at toes
They slept quite protected from those grown up woes,
 while voices below
 finished the night and the Christmas tree showed off--
For this day among days, without worry or fright.

Who says humans are better?

I just saw an Irish setter
dancing on the beach.

The day so bleached the clouds,
the sea purged sapphires as paint,
spume laced daintily and quaint,
the white Cape trimming lost its paint.

The dog, undaunted by reserve
Leapt; its front legs paused and curved,
Nijinsky's entrechats--
then pounded down in surfer's time.

He knew a good thing when he saw it.
We should all wag and paw so with Sublimes.

Margie's Brother and His "Onjinin"* Kitty

Steve's Onjinin Cat was so dumb
Why that kit was so numb
 witted,
It thought it could strut
 on water.
And like Narcissus,
As it stood on the rim
 of the toilet bowl fussing,
bobbing and stuttering
like my knitting needles muttering,
 Gazing down in to behold
the cat in the "mirror" below
It unfolded a paw to give
 for a kiss
to the image below-
 (to bat at the fellow)
And skittering
 Always fell in with a furor.

Day after day
 It would perch this way
And try out the problem again;
 When he would always fall
in.

Got so the wet dripper
Wouldn't even howl proper at this caper,
 But skulk off like a monk
Who deserv-ed this dunk.
(Come to think of it I never heard
old Dappled Marbled meow, only yowl).
At first he raised such a row
 with his scrapey rasped note
someone came on the run
took a towel to sponge
 off the motley big drops,

While Orange would toss like a dog
that's been doused,
his fur melted down on his delicate skeleton,
he almost looked small as a rat (or a mouse.).

Anyhow, Steve's pumpkin cat, that
Plump long-haired big Fur,
Seems he was so obscure,
While Steve tickled his pelt
He'd lie belly-up
In that boy's arms and purr
with his legs stretched right out
and his tail skunked, tilted, a fern.

Now it ain't proper nature
for a cat to lie cradled
like a string game for babies
to expose his soft navel
when he can't push up well
with hind feet.
But nothing perturbed him it seemed.

He was placid as a frond
Cert as unwild,
At least as unriled,
So fond felt that cat of its Child.

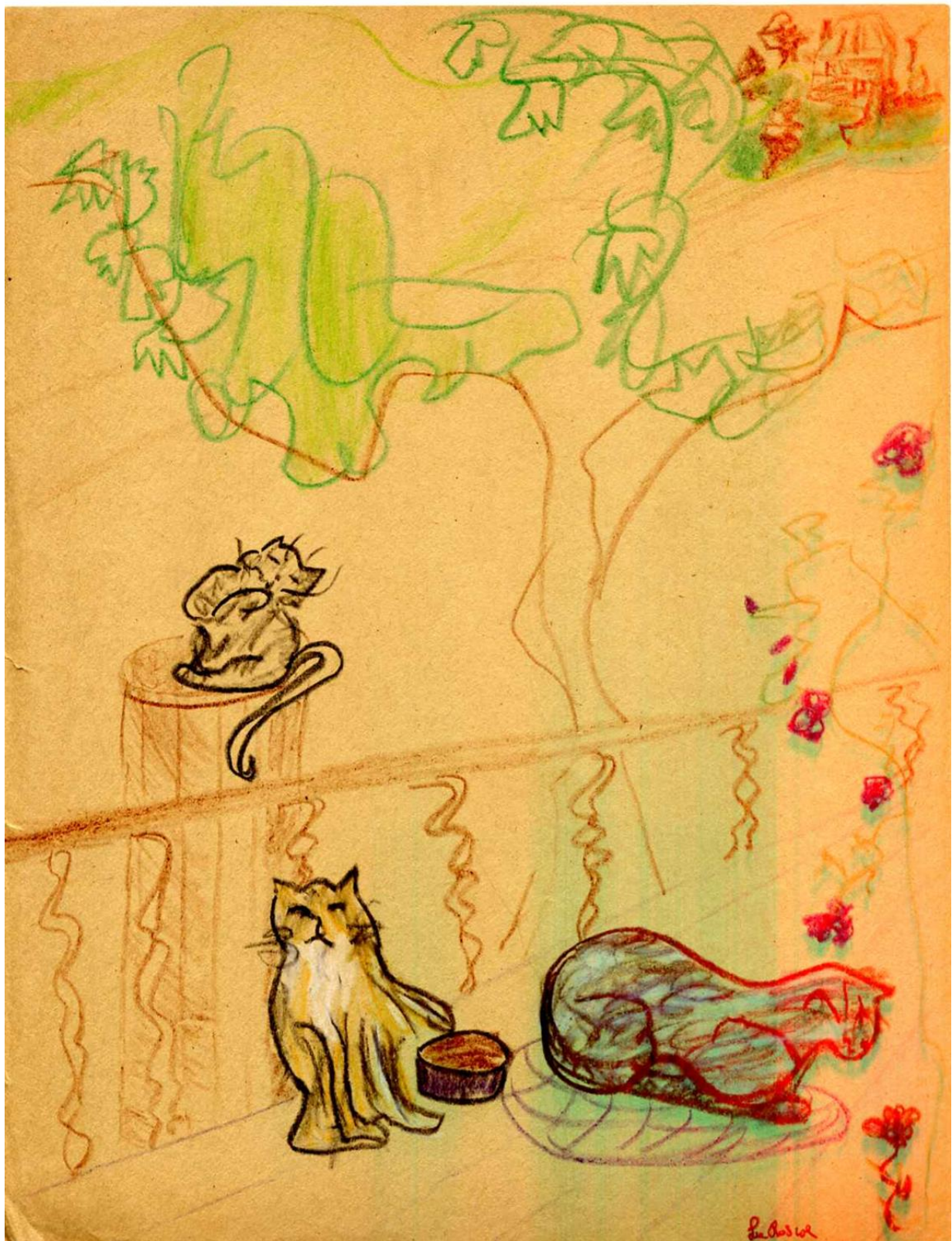
Steve would say proudly, look
my cat can do tricks
they don't hurt him a bit,
Then he'd promptly exhibit the play:

He would grip that spay
(it's the truth, cross my heart)
by the tail
at the tip,
and twirl him as if a
crepe paper bazooka

slipping its whiplash in undulant cycles;
like a sparkler igniting for fourth of July,
and his fur wouldn't even light up like a spook's.

Cat would never do battle
He'd just land on his feet
While Steven would shriek
And turning his cheek
He would nuzzle Steve's sneaks
And amble off
 meekly and addled.

*Onjinin was a small friend of mine's pronunciation of orange.



Cat Day Dream (Before Kliban)

Paint-splash cats splotted with spots
of calico color, puddle-dropped;
Big plunky no-pet orange cats
whose sides of velour are comfy chairs and old
sedans, curl and stare
(ignoring their porridge)
then puff like propped pillows new-stacked.

While white deaf cats snow and pour up on the
sill
Brushed black hairs jump and plop, four legs
floored,
ruffed like new carpet just fluffed, lie still.

Spare small-faced cats
 shoulders to jaws spanned,
 clean rub their sleek cheeks chicly
 with damped pumice whetstone's
 repeated buffs.

Doppleganger eyes of cats who care for me
Muff up my dinner, telling me to eat, tapping me
with a sweet questioning claw,
vamping me like the baby grand's sawed ivories
under the Tudor pane-ed glass
in a jungle living room
stained like the tiger pass
with sun and gloom.

Huddling near-spat dare-me cats
furl spongy paws, roll like cooper's
vats

Dollops of stretch-marked ones,

pastiches, looped
under half-defiant tails,
huff hit reach
peak, striated, stray
definitely fey, nibbling
(tuft-necked) on their splayed nails.

Marbled cats luff on their haunches
into dream winds will head
with the sail of their paunches.

Sewn gingham of tabbies, peach-pastry laddies:
collages to quilts;
whipped cream macaroons,
spooned up and scooped and then
spilt.

White
throat splotched kitties mewing a ditty
rub at your leg for their dinner,
While launch for attack
Under beds where your socks are stacked
Two Siamese scattering and clacking (Seurrats).

Spayed Persian furries crawl surly and pouted,
grouchy and crouched
on mahogany chests

While Abyssinian furies,
browbristling, hurtle
Past couches where young ones
sleep coolly in clumps. (A whisker will quest
at the ear and the mouth
for the sound, just too loud,
as groggily, eyes open up).

Clay chunky soot cats, under stools thumping
arch up for ambush and the hunt.

A spelunking tortoise-shell
peers in the closet
has miner lamps lit
ready to hiss.

The tail in flamenco,
its tip gripped to load castanets,
one's on the piano (maestro is ready)
Fortissimo, scaling we go.

Great brooches of kittens pinned to one's bun
Purring through whiskers, imprinted with love
One paw dripping over a nose
like vanilla ice-cream over its cone.

And smoky
fool stringy cats
hanging simian off of eaves
Toqued up like brown beaver caps.

Cats in long grasses, kits up your sleeves (No
Freudian interpretation of jive,
if you please.)

Toms with their raspy tongues, jigging to unseen
strums

they dance up and down in their spats
to show off white tummy cravats

go Bat Bat
with their paws in sta-cat-t

o

ALL WEARING THEIR MOUSIESKIN HATS!

TWO

Child

Flint Giant Survival

The Physical in Place

The Northwest

Otter says,

“Manabohzo teaches (by games) the basics of survival in place

He creates nets and steals fire from the sun.

He has grandmothers of moon, earth and sea.

He knows where he lives. Flint is underfoot waiting and he will make himself into Tools of stone.

(Hare is to Wolf as the loving elder caretaker is to the younger, even as the two pairs of Twins are the first reality in the older world before man.)

That which I gather, gathers me

I perceive where I may be

As I survive, so my body finds itself

As I survive, so my body discovers the world.”

(As I survive, so my body finds itself.

That which I hunt determines me.)

Rock/Flint=Fire, arrows, Tools

Curry County Fair

Michael is six.

 He pouts as he sticks out a finger
to dare to linger
on llamas who blink and stare at the fair.

His mummy has brought him to
share in the treats
of 'tater skins, fresh milk
and sugar spun sweets.
Framed counters in courtyards
 set up for the fair
show gold chains and cokes
and cowboy hats, wares
from factories, udders and hands.

Inside the big barn
you can look up two floors. Wool afghans
 with florets
crocheted with adoration
 hang on the balcony poles.

A Cherokee woman in buckskin and turquoise
sells silver new-molded to feathers and rings,
 with hair-ties and beaded doll toys.

Deft fingers have woven and loop-ed and knit
have melted bar silver to pour into molds
 carved with design of intricate fit.

Hands they have beaten and folded and whipped,
planted and pruned and watered and picked
 feeling delight to accomplishment's tip.

In the long halls, the jams in their masons
 of blackberry flavors, orange and peach,
circle up shelves, like calyxes reaching
 to crossed trusses above.
Marmalade, strawberry, grape jellies mix
 like jewels in cylinders fixed.

On tables prize pies arise side by side
 as lemon meringue and chocolate cream glide-
Then numberless flowers fill row on row
 with climbing puffed sepals and showering folds.
Note dahlias which grow as velvet as hills
 in an amethyst snow,

with roses whose fragrance is love all acrying.
(There's giant zucchini, tomatoes serene,
trying to be big as squash.)

While children put horses through canters and paces
On assembly hall stages
in hangars with platforms set up of brown plywood,
smelling like stables
The goats' kids run races in back near the cages.
(their legs look like knee socks,
their floppy ears sloppy
like sails which droop on a boy's model sloop.)

There in the sawdust, under the Quonset
Sheep bleat with their lambs
jamming each other
from Romney to Dorset
to short hairs of all sorts,
eating and pushing hay spilled.
The goats try to clamber from pens
and behind you,
they nibble your pocket with grins.

White rabbits lurk leery, as large as a turkey
and huddled ones, lop-eared forlorn
eye you with woe in their wooden dens' edge:
A room full of animals, mallards and hens.

The oriental silky shies wistfully waving
Its white wispy etching of hairs
dips its small head, and wheedles as if it's new-born.
Grey geese make a whoopie-cushion laugh like a horn.

A girl jogs with beads
in the braids of her hair,
a cyclist in leather
parks his motor right there.
A farmer in overalls examines the llama.

The llama has length
and the height of a pony's;
Her neck, a giraffe's, bends charming to Mike.
Her lashes close mute
over modest big browns
and she smiles as she chews the air,
turns around.

The llama can stand there
above it all, dreamy

'til Mike comes to close to its back.
He is pouring attention to touch this invention of tails.
The llama wears wool
 like a tree with a cloud, a bale uncarded for sale
(like some white cotton candy)
She shuffles away in a rainy cream way
 and Mike screams a scream right out loud.

Now to me there's scarce difference
tween the "animules" and children:

they both concentrate
 with a focus which makes
the rest of the world to a blur,
 to the point of behaving quite mad as they peer
and investigate, prod...
 one tiny point, absorbing them, odd:

Michael will push his new bike back and forth
 in the rim of the walk
 and watch the spoke rock
without needing to talk
 or to even be sad.
He, this serious matter
 peruses still further
till it falls in a clatter
when he calls for his folks
 with a gusto unspoken but bold.

Or he'll stare at the llama
 absorbed for six minutes
unmoving as if
 to figure its meaning
Head tilted, he frowns
 what is this?

If you've ever seen kittens
absorbed in your garden
 where what you have knit
for Michael's new mittens
 has fallen,
they hit smitten with balls
 which tumble and crawl
and as they are wound
in this purpose profound
 most certainly give it their all,
till the yarn ties their feet
to the back of their seat

and they meowl and howl and call.

This part of why
 we love them I guess,
(both offspring and pets)
 for they can express,
 what we're not allowed to
when we're curious or vexed,
 or happy or proud.

This is a caring day
it bounces you like courting quails
up to waltzing, flouncing skies.
It lifts you to their angels' views
where necklaced waters bead profuse
to shine as foil.
It smoothes your brow
to brush your nervous hair
with oiled airs from balsam pines
after the quarry of the snows.

Touch or Cuddly Wumpet

Crumply cuddly toddlesome toys
splashing and rollicking in the fallen
crayoned leaves of autumn
little girls and boys
laughing and falling and calling
thin diamond noises
high as the vermilion sharp-toothed oaks
throwing red balls
and running at catch.

Cuddly bumply toddly crumply waddly
so the six year old child in me
frolicking in the piles of confetti
brown and paper leaves of fall
fetched in a basket
origami leaves

Winter sheaves of drifts
resting in snow scoops
sliding on sleds; speed
in the joyous singing air so clear of tears.
Pink and pinch-worth, dumpling cheeks.

Won't someone pick me up
after my smiles (and my whoops)
when i turn so wistful drooply,
press my rumple of clothings (wrinkled)
with shrinkly inner shape and form's bareness
to their most firm and hugging body's touch of care?

For I fell of my sled
and the white ice which so excites
stings my pride.
On my back i giggle and slide
but my knee hurts and my friend laughed at me and worse
my favorite stuffed pet tiger i forgot
when the lights went out from the blizzard's snit.

he's lost and lonely in the basement's curse.
mummy get him back for me
so happy on my knee he'll play
and I'll be whole again-
sipping your chocolate
pressed within dad's chest.

Ski through snow globes
cross tarns where rock burned grey
chopped down by ice to tables
for the sun, now numbed by flakes

past glaciations
where ice still slumps, a giant,
blue and thicker than a city
with pliant eons

down through undergrown vegetation
caked over, even to the forage deer

spill turning snow
picking up the sun's edge
off the softer blows

whistling fearless with the wind
slice as you slip and go.

Beneath you lies what was the sea
its fossils now in rock and ice.
When Indians carved their primal skis
the mastodon was grazing nigh.

Go skating on the moon
walk the late street home

the chocolate tastes minty
as candy bars
flex a toe

body's structure's motion
invigorates the soul
the blades incise the ice

unashamed
your spirit flies to him
whose heart is all alone
the priestess of all nature
cosmos, universe, atones

partaker of the speed with man
(the isolated bergs will blow.)
your heart skates
out the window to his home

his Scwhinn's in the back yard
stowed in locks
against the neighborhood gangs.
and pinned by the Full Moon's brooch
your heart balks

Illustration

Two Indian maids weave baskets on a woodsy path with spider and web.

Off

Off the road a passageway
Within the pines, a secret trail
Where suddenly the winds escape
Brute oceans and their marshes' gales.

Within the winds a hidden sound
a blushing modest pond is found
and by its edge a drinking fawn
oblivious to goings on.

Its mother lifts her swanlike neck.
She scenting you, paws at the bank.
But you remain as still as grass;
she clicks her eye--the two will pass

as close to you as breath from wings
of butterflies whose color sings.

(Your feet possess the route to minds
The key to mystery to find
The stillness in the meaning, "kind.")

You eat your sandwich 'tween its leaves-
The water wishes at the needles
which stroke the belly of the sky.
And now a spider wanders by.

This creature is not grace on feet
No leap like something strung complete
as song
But clumsy on its crooked eights
it churns along.

At first you are put off by it.
But as it crawls it starts to knit
a weave which taught the baskets how
as Indian maidens watched webs sewn.

And you infer, just as they did

that this is something old and grand
a process from before your kind
a great-grandmother who will wind
a sacred path.

You take away impending feet
and bless its life and sweetly sit
to watch whatever episode will flit
next from the gods who gave you this.
Then walk and walk, exploring knots
where bayberry and sumac cross.

(Your feet possess the route to minds
The key to mystery to find
The stillness in the meaning "kind.")

Herbs

Herbs from the past heal the present pains.
We can boil bark and root and they will yield stains:
Berry reds and mochas, wines with pumpkin suns
tea-colored oaken night, mulberry and plum.
These from the growing souls that live within our sight.

Thyme will cure your tired bones
within a steamy bath.
Fennel chewed will cleanse the breath,
But May apple bring death.
Sweet flag's tuber's spirit food And dandelion,
Health will brew.

The herbs know how to live with less,
Just sun and water, soil and breath.
Just witness how they craft an art
Each leaf and umbel, petal, part.

There at the messy stream,
or by abandoned roads,
here in the rush strewn marsh
or in the forest's hold,
each place produces its own
breeds in season.

So when you feel put upon
by mom or dad or school
Watch to see what matches where,
Who comes to eat the issuance
of flower or of fruit, be it Bear or Bee or Jay?
And is it in abundant May or juicy Fall,
that they will fare the best?

Pick a pod, inspect its seeds.

Arrange a group of "weeds", stay cool.

If you can live as campers do
Without a fridge or kitchen too,
Without two yards of plushy bed
In cold or wet or darkful dread;
take matches, candles, make a fire;
turn spruce boughs to a sheltered bower...

If you can learn the wild
foods,
to build a house, to garden well,
You too can be a natural
with certain freedoms and good peace
And never will be any's fool;
For you'll be self-reliant
(and living will be plenty pliant
with your skillful body's' tools.)

Illustration.

Bottle or cup with dried herbs, a tent.

TREE

“I don’t understand this
said the Tannenbaum wistfully.
“Can’t they accept me
for what I am?
Look, they dart me with tinsel,
Weigh my shelving down with bulbs.
I might as well
be a clown
blubbering for crowds
with rinse-ed hair.
Honestly, it makes me wince.”

“I have my Dignity, just as I am, uncut,
piling the rutted ice upon my branches,
shielding juncos from the blizzard
with a theatrical standard; skirted o’er the snow
in spaces conversing rugged with the stars and hazards
of the skies:

An independent stance,
camped out of doors, not in a Company
with buildings
or on a pasture pruned-- thinking, or in agriculture
limited (in traces),
but I, timpanic undertone of gods in Winter
When they moan arthritic, am tinder
for the winds
am fulcrum for the sky and ground
(should be unbound.)

Ah well, maybe
I’ll compromise
only for the dancing child
who becomes an angel
by his smile
chiming Noel,
Noel times.”

Christmas

Silent angels tremble with sparks; shiver with light liquid loops of rainbows in silver.
Wind chimes begin to usher full night in like melodious owls.

Within the dusk-fiery windows red wool wraps them; family spins hushed yarns,
tales of forest adventure, carded from dream.
Hearth pine scent, rose-pink roast, gold Yorkshire pudding spatters its tasty grease, puffs.

Beyond the conical tree draped in ropy dangles of ottery lush green-
bedecked with aqua balls, shining and silken--the teepee closes its flaps.
Wolves howl at the blue light walking the white crest of the ridge-
like lightning, urging the angels out of the clouds.

Within the corridors of the valleys, clans are accomplices to winter.
The buffalo shudders behind the blackspruced gaps;
 hungry white eagles circle the brush hut's vapor messages
looking for angels.

In a quiet earth, bellies full, hearts warmed by love
each settlement receives the snow;
Listen. The soft chanting of angels and eagles and vultures
moaning like wind chimes over the quartz ridge. Collecting.

Election Eve

Yes, we have couple-camped around America,
 green sentiment.
The stippled fawns wandered by our potted cooking fire.
The secret rivers gave off stars;
 above our two-man day-glow tent
the spider planets wove their yarns.

But Satyrday, within the deepest sanctuary
 the radios rocked
and cars dragged up the river bank
where thankless ducks once flocked
whilst cougar hid his face.

Cloaked cambric spots of woods
 put on and off the eve,
a hide and seek.
At night he'd hissed. We'd heard him stride
Out of the firs which sliced the night;
carried moons down to myrtle-shine
the silk screened circle of the hills.

At six, in dawn: his tracks to fill himself
 with water at the stream's lifeblood-
bear toes had trod,
with hearthoofed fawns
 and otters their furry slide and peeks
had pawed.

====

The silver car is rattling through the state.
 It's rusted muffler seeps exhaust
some 15 thousand miles later- the Labor Day hysteria's
 not hot;
the nation took a chill; the coldest summer yet.
The haddock huddled and less salmon trilled.
 We'll rest in Western Mass until-

Off its hardened scar
 finish the highway, through embroidered fairy woods.
Turn to the right, the dirt road's hood thrown back.
 The lake is uncloaked, unpeeled chiming stars.

Boat house it was- broad maple slats array.
High moldy ceilings, the roof beams show their stakes

Once it was like this, heatless save for hearths

not many windows, saves warmth from wood's brick place

Balcony border-the sleeping room's in lofts
peaceful the bird speech, chickadees and crows.

Pine cushions maple, watery laps the oak
There could be chickens, a smattering of goats,
a greenhouse for seedlings
gas lantern roosts on posts
books to be learned from, tea upon the stove.

Wash up the dishes, this we do by hand.
Turn on the spigot, brown, lukewarm it ran.

Rotten the scent as old eggs in the can.
Inhale the caustic, nausea at my throat.

This water, not water, but tincture which will float.
(We showered in sulfur in upper New York state
by painter-lored vineyards at Canandaiygua Lake.)

Now once again, the taste the toothbrush tells
Spoil and poison, the litmus would turn red
steaming with sickness, jelling me with dread.

The Boston Globe. Sept. 13, 1982

St. George, Utah.

*"Some of you have been exposed to potential risk, from flash
blast or fallout. You have accepted this inconvenience or the
risk without alarm or without panic. Your cooperation has
helped achieve an unusual record of safety."*

So said the government, many years ago.
But as black and white continued on to show
One woman broke her pottery to rally to the cause
Some thousands of her neighbors, prematurely gone.

Shakespeare drank his water. He was only five.
Soon he grew leukemia. At six was not alive.
Why should his parents, or his soul complain
"sacrifice," leaders tell, the "common good" to gain.

So if a few
Will die to save the many
America's affluent; sit and count your pennies.
(Corporate presidents never suffer any.)

The trees assemble out in back

Oaks gentle pines; the watery lapping leaves
The lake spreads its waters, a lilac tempting peace.
My eyes still piece tranquils from this lacy scene.
Vision, the sole sense, surely will deceive.

Down on the highway, a factory makes jobs
Brick, buckled windows, a slogan at its top:
"Printing and Finishing of Fabric" it proclaims;
a three story watch tower, brass plaque to Slater's name.
I am too new in town to bother to connect
the factory's chemicals to leaching quagmires next.

(Concupiscent clouds cling in the morning, a rolled
moist exhalation which conspires;
its molecules filled with the sulfur scent
of fires
of what our work has bought.
Slicked on my tongue
a taste of vomit in the dew
My heart fought back,
Deceived by rural view.)

Slicked on my tongue

A taste of vomit in the dew.
My heart fought back.
Deceived by rural view.

Illustration.

HEADLINES:

TOXIC SPILL AT LOVE CANAL

DIOXIN IN OREGON CAUSES STILLBIRTHS

20 YEARS LATER ATOMIC TEST YIELDS ILLNESS

PCBS KILL COWS IN MICHIGAN

FLOOD VICTIMS WARNED OF AGENT ORANGE IN MISSOURI

The Trickster

Raven walks like a thug hugging six-guns to
his hip
too heavy as they almost trip him up
he
waddles
as he coddles carrion.

Yet he knows much which we do
not
He tricked the wind and with it caught
the sun.

In fact when
northwest rains drain seas,
Where fog drapes
thick as vines
mist-pearl
amongst the basket-cedars
trapped (women string up eulachon along the path)
and Cedars wrest his image out
As their cinnamon
From still rooted
death comes on
greenless trunks,
Before the carver clouts his gouge
To shape the spirit into wood,
This spirit totem will
emerge:

The shoulders
hunched, the head wet wisped
The bill to speak, the eye ahints
Where fog drapes thick as vines, mistpearl.
Amongst the basket-cedars trapped,
He knows the ostraca of skies
Behind which all our fates may
lie
Connected as the carver's
lines

(Flat sun behind the shore-washed
clouds.)

So with his mist, his ovals stretched
cure us,
make
wholeness in our souls (make surety)

He singed his feathers for his luck
but he can laugh and make a mock
of mischief.
Though he's wily, he's a child's will
not evil, seldom known to kill
except to eat-
(even vengeance on the Bear
turned neat on him) as when

He fooled the ducks to staying still
so he could have them for his meal
by asking them to sing a song
but as the dawn blurted its flare
on scraping hemlock
lustrous air, while
he ate them one by one
the others heard a quiet come
slipping off their hoods they saw
greedy raven's fatal flaw.

Dressed his tail like something raw
which raven gnawed on with his maw
(holding it tenderly in his claws)
while laughing, the smart ducks flew off.

(Not like gull whose spooning bill
prideless waits for any spill
hood of rooftops
where ships dock
like a beggar he slips and caws raiding man's rot
garbage dropped.)

Fire-maker, arrow chipper
provides the stuffs that will protect
the spirit goods for our parfleche
hugging six-guns to his hip
too heavy as they almost trip him up
he waddles as he carrion inspects

But flies like a piece of night-
collected kelp
his fingered feathers droop and wheel

where basket vines
wick up chill fog
amongst the dripping thick-whipped
firs
whilst black bear's man-like shadows lurch.

In fact when northwest rains drain seas
and spirit totems wrest his image out,
(old peeling posts will speak of him
even as their death comes on.)
He knows the ostraca of skies
behind which all our fates may lie
connected as the painter's lines
by bruise and blood of berry dyes
which mineral ash unites and sets

so with his mordant ovals stretched and stroked and stoked
like flattened yews by gales blown and soaked,
wet as an ocean's line just cut from soft soapstone
cure us
make wholeness in our souls (to center woefulness dissolved.)

October 31

Chickadees sprout,
Black and white and chipper
In the dapper nip of fall.
The back porch lit with ships' lamps
Hears distant darkness call.

Alders shuffle, denning sounds.
Branches snap,
Like goose wings' flaps.

Dry leaves stutter like the rain;
Their hands of stars clap lacquer melt
To metal up,
In gold and copper, bronze.

A vigil cup of christened elm
Burns as a careful planet.
Through firs enrimmed with mink-like gloom
Hint linden candelabras.

Stars seed out in filament pods
To fly as milkweed, threaded bright.
Beaded corn in ears of three
Hangs tweedy twisting on its stalk:
Sanguine gules with amethyst,
Chablis fusils, heraldic checks.

A fondant moon thins minty crisp.
There cherried beech with licorice trunks
And brandied chips of oakpoints dipped
Behind the pumpkin's flaming lip
Seem pulled out, shining, iced, to drip.

At the door the voices tumble;
Fires chirp and punch glass mumbles
 crystal at the stars.
Mulled cider in your tankard steams
In auras of the planet's schemes.

In longhouse or neath honeyed eaves,
(Where quilted rushmats curved frames cover,
Or stilted panels showing louvers,
 seam o'er day)

The whispered friendly warming hush
Of this adventured Hallowed Eve
Whisks soft the hallbound air of dusk.

Brisk twilight, like an orange broom
Will sweep the sky out of the room.

(Note: "clap" used as "strike." Fusil is both shape in heraldry and archaic adjective for molds into which heated liquid is poured. Sanguine gules: a cheery red heraldic mark.)



Cowboys

going, thirty five seven five see a hand
do i see do i see gone again raise it dandy
nother five, eighty up, eighty eighty over there
nother bid, for the cup, eighty five
eighty eighty eighty five, going going gone, fair!

They come in their jeans and their overalls rubbed
by the seats of their saddles
they raise up a finger or scratch at their nostril;
the mustached quick caller will auction his fill
the heifers run out of the gates as they're prodded
by gentlemen elders slim and ram rodged
who sit on their horses, testy and pawing.

a hummocky bull bows his head to the straw,
turns back to gore at the gate on the stage

the circle of seats watches all this good meat
to breed or to add to the head of their cattle
and cows

they've done this, as have their fathers before them,
cattlemen, cowboys and foremen

one old man's face is rosy and graced
with a knowledge of wiles of cows and of guiles
of men

he saves it with humor

he knows there are liars, duplicity dumbness
and envy

but he knows that his arms can build him
a fence
and keep his cows groomed, and healthy to move
to the market.

his grandson beside him can ride with a rope
machines can milk udders but both of them show
it's nice to get up at five with the wind
to feed them yourself and, slowly win
out their milk.

we're strangers, we look at the auction;
though a wife with a face like a withering leaf
still filled with a sweetness of helping her mate
the steaming of grounds on the empty flat fields
where moons fill the sky, for few trees crop nigh-will smile at us
(eastern pale).

One worked for the Air Force, his ten gallon hat
sits at a counter in a bar with no class

he knows that bombers can hurt cows below
he'd rather feed people and be left alone;
his nose is a long one, his chin strong and gnarled
his eyes play a tune still left from the wild.

The west with its miles of ranches and cows
once there were tribes who fought with the bow
beneath the pink mesas, the light scrapes and thins
a dusty moon essence, caverns of caves;
thunderheads gathered the sky arrows brave
partook of the land with the rock and the sky
sought antelope, bison and mule deer, high
sheep...
we brought down the space, put up our cattle;
must herd them and feed them and run them
with saddles

but pleated rock surges, a crown-ed headband
still master of ages, exiled from the land.



Green Out

Fall, this favored season now holds its own:
Cold ripe air, flavored like the cider's tawn
 and cocoa
crisp-brisk-whisks the harvest in.

Through vine and straw
Pumpkins plump like orange breasts
And corn's blonde wheat counts kernals neat in rows.
Wet oak seedlings still grapple with the purple
 ground to grow.

That slight skunk tang of basil with the cut of mint
tinge
the throat with soreness
parse it with a parsley tartness
prick the nose
to run at hints of day-length shorted.

The ochrous field beats a wintry
by dimmer woodland paths.
Melt-fleckered are the lathed old porch poles'
 peeling plast.
(White paint is like a sunless
 blue-pale pane
 of shadow cast
 on snow.)
Chickadees and sparrows notes hit micaed
As they pass.

Pick, chickadees and sparrows,
at the fresh frost's shcisted grooves.

The distant view's gorged beryllly wafers, thin, sliced
group clumped,
scale, flume
intruded with stalactite evergreens
their primed coiled veins of olivine
up hillock sides rock climb.

Dull pooled oak clouds thicken, rife
with moisture sponged.
Matte tropic jagged leaves align at winds.
Each lap is like the skim of splashes

flat solidified into an oiled skin.

Around our heads
the last of the deciduous woods
now deeper toned than in their summer beings
fluidly breathe out the casts of toad-thick energies
before they join the few
to shout at once a moment
to come to color only
motionless red and yellow, mauve and taupe
then inactive 'neath the passive bark
for winter houses of deserted dark.

Hemlock and spruce in pyramids
exhale deeper than when iced or parched
to rid themselves of excess fuel
before the hibernation stores its starch.

Trees mimic in the riddled copse
life's other shapes
from yellow willow waterfall
to bluer lustrous ferns
to rain-like strafes.

All the forest now intensifies
with seasoned virid ferment laden:
and full transpired is root and stem
on elements of Stone and Fire.

As we
sop in these wastes of re-
arrangement
up from the bole, out from the green
this rich activity and hue,
these sweetnesses of superfluities
given to air through healthful pungencies
matured as the saturated earth
with balsam's dew of blistered pitch

we too, inflate
made animate
and apple red
by this expire, inspire of exchange;
this fruitful nourishment
this give and take.

Such is the genesis of this chlorophyll sea;

(the Mythology of Reality more bolted
is with thunder
Than most Imaginements):
 When earth molten
and its ocean, mired were, under
Vaporous poisoned ethers, in methane
with ammonia nursed,
To ultra violet rages gauged exposed,
Shot forth electric razings, gamma grazings,
Charging nucleotides to ferment their exhalations.

Converted then from waste, did they,
The last two elements:
Changing the killing airs at large
To that which tamed the sun, fierce star,
 with cloud and rain
So that its fire could sustain
 with light and heat.

Such pregnancy's now
Full transpired in root and stem
On elements of Stone and Wet and Fire
And on the Fourth which Green created
Out of Death: both halves of the annealing sphere
 of Breath.

As we sit beneath respiring stalk,
It gives the very oxygen once locked
within the sea
(whose moisture freed, is also in our blood
as well as in the use and gift of Tree)
 to make us motive beings.

As we the contents of our mediums release
 Then something of ourself's returned
Replaced unto the branch of Being and the Ring.

Thus are trees and sky and animals and men
On parts of the Ontogeny remade and made again.

Without such partnering, both living worlds
Would ever be divorced from sense:

As lightless planets, leaden hurled, hell-bent.

Dear ...

There is a certain spiritual reach which very few people use which enables them to understand the soul of wild things. It is a quality which the world needs and which you possess in as much you seem to be able to quell woe out of the creature. (Perhaps your very inability to speak allows you to communicate in other, different ways).

That gift of gentleness may be used with peaceful and persistent application by the naturalist (a modestly heroic role and one which might satisfy your talents) to also dispel in its focus the worry of youth. (One's inherent creativity is a general substance which need not be applied in the same form as one's immediate predecessors.) Turn passion to a purpose and have harmony.

Folio for a Possible Naturalist (for M.B.)

I

You moved through the spruce wood
though it was closed for the night.
You mourned with its women in blue draped fur.
You walked on lusterless rust needles
revealed by the moon, unsure
and knew the walnut-- difficult, unique, spare
bearing nuts and wood
well enough to call its seedlings, child.
You saw the lynx eyes lilt their resin
and stooped
by waterfalls who spoke much lower in the dark
and sat alone and wept, to wait, to hear
the owl hark and call.

11

Dark Days

Ice floes dissolve and form
and strands of pine groan under the bournes
of gathering headstone clouds.
The fields mat like saw grass
in the crack of frost.
The white one, hare, who dies of worry
and is manabohzo named, the nanabush
twinned wabbus of the breaking east, is lame.

Oh young one, your tufted boy's hair
blowing in the snarls of the wind
as you tend the snow-hare
with your gloved numb hands,
I see the dispersal of your despair, of desperation
by its immersal in that woe of others,
candid in the care of them:
a discipline which brings you bounteous gifts,
great pumpkins of a tenderness to band,
a crop for years beyond your life's own span.

I knew a boy once for a moment who had
the softest soul.

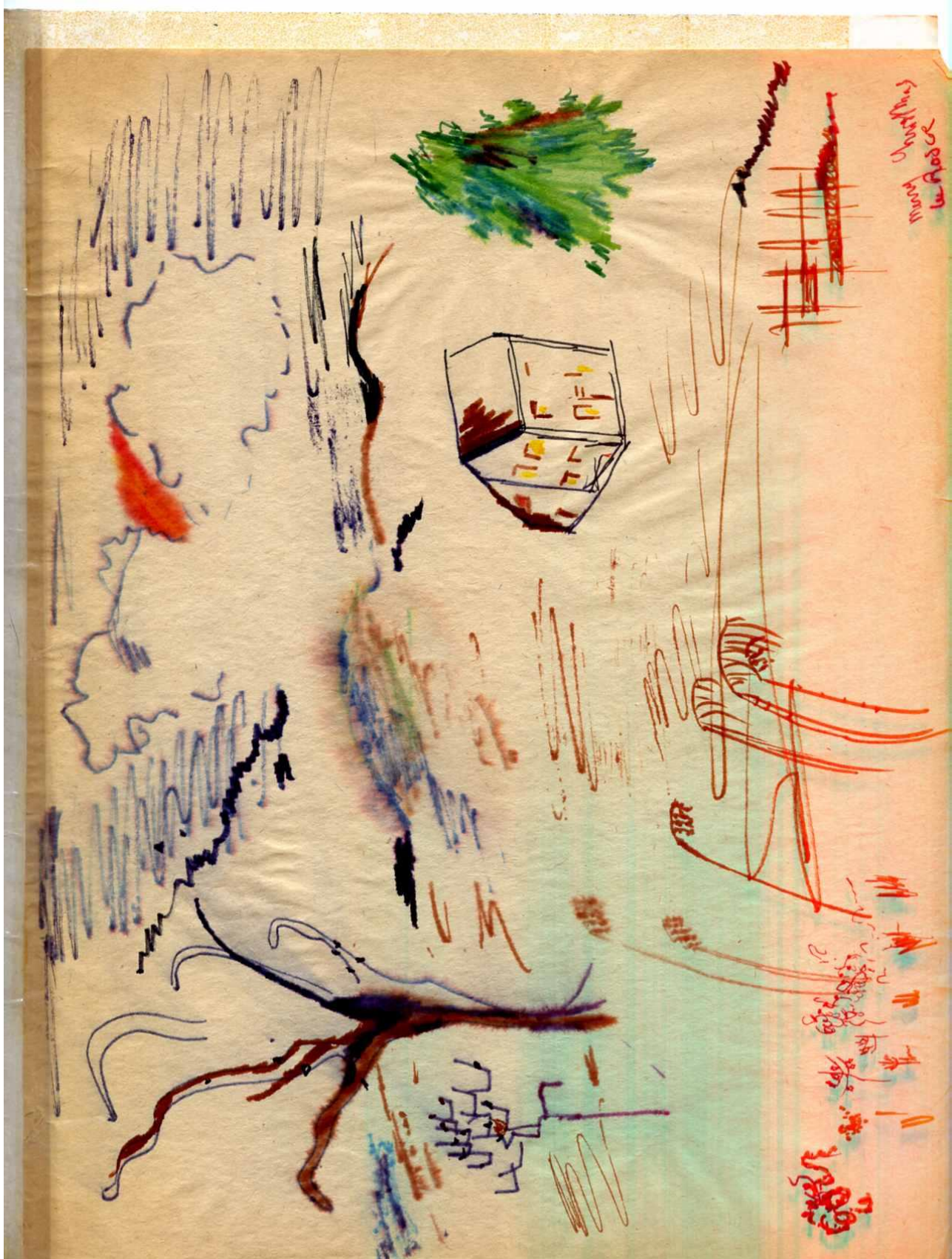
He could hold in
The brashest filly,
black mane splaying, foot stomping
neighing frantic and marbled
snorting with impatience for her living breed
seeing time and death as nearby deeds.

He could take two hands and stay with her
to let her have her head
above the gorges which spread
 below with heather
but he did not let go.

Until she fed upon the nature
of the kindly whole who touched her:
 the secret paradox of wildness
they shared was gentleness
and so he brought her soothed, and quietly
to rest.

Aggression, patience, sorrow
showing on his face
high where the clouds
dropped on the mountain place
suspended his presence.

He was a man at least he guessed
after this mutual race.



THREE

Puberty/
Provision and Rivalry
The West to the East

(As you canoe around the lake past dusk, Otter instructs:)

"that which I hunt determines me"

Provision is conscious. Into the shadow of consciousness, seeking a vision, from the unselfconscious warmth of the senses

Flint/Chakekenapok provides the tools in place.

(Manabohzo teaches man how to use Flint.

Wolf becomes the world's greatest hunter;
he teaches man some of his tricks.)

He helps us to hunt, she to prepare the meat and hides.

She will have her coming of age as a woman; he will go into the world alone as an orphan with a breech clout and a knife in fall, returning to the tribe in spring.

Perhaps he loves, her; perhaps he will return to her soft competence, as heat is drawn up into moisture.

Otter

"Here from the heat we had migrated, fleeing the volcanoes and floods, across the water, across an 'ice-bearing sea.' Towards the afternoon, towards the fall, we came to the mountains.

The giant was at the northwest.

Wolf the greatest hunter awaited with wabasso the white hare at the north. Wolf would haunt the south and after death, he would emerge at the northeast."

Shaman Owl

Owl cared for all man;
sun eyes, yet brother with the dark hand
of the moon,
slippery as the wet speed of rain,
dry as the tinder within the bark,
stained with the herbs, the mulching leaf.
Mated for life, he hunter seeks
only what he needs;
mating in winter's snowy time
calling and diving, spiral climbs;
Hooting when evening comes to claim
 Silence from action,
 Thought from pain.

The owl, a soul between two worlds:
 The ancestors dance within his sight.
He gives us the strong mind of the past
 to help us as flesh, then spirit, last.

He patterned with oceans, as winds,
 bears anger and proof, the test's despair:
 Alone, Reunited, the Family, Care;
 Justice in huts, Peace, Spirit, Air;
 Vitalities of our faces paired
 The past and the Future

eternal bared.

He knows the supernal Ferocious Time,
yet wears it with gentle arc and spine.

the owl flies; eclipse-yellow eyes
at the marsh, desire ties us to the reddened beach
green aqua globes, pacific wholes
that capture of the mist bends times

the tribal kin; mother father grandfather in
furs each muscle burned to use
the scent, the taste of ice and spring.
each at first emerged to love
like hare
the dark-ticked animal compares himself to thickets
with a quickness
before he turns to snow.
as the male child sperms choice through trial
on crescents of the beach's moon
to prove endured in winter huts
survival finely tuned,
then pain and anger which compete with those
rejections of the better hunters of the meat
then find a vision in the snow, where deer will shelter
near the weaving spruce
i traipse the wet ice setting traps allured
incision striped the guts
then honor when the thief who takes my bride
i cast unto the winds outside
i will not kill his torso in the flying leaves-
then recognized, a Place beyond the hut
(the circle of the camp achieved)

over the hills the sensitive seer flies
the test of hands in wandering the woods alive
cornlight the urgent swelling of the hills
(his eyes)
rose dusk the father helps the hunter learn
the tracks
the will
in which the rabbit turns from babe to man
the skills of blade and smoke
(world wide)

the lover chosen shares the fertile night
the body rises, loneliness cast off
return to family to make a peace and gather wise
to shoe a soul for children in surprise
bring thin the flame to tents and elder die

you are a chieftain too, huts of your own
harvest tales reveal a rainbow's bone

he knows the character of animals and green
and rock and star the spiral sheen

 this age nomads go to houses and invert;
they specialize controlled to win
 not dominated by winded whims, but man
 the body is a game of tag, communion
 is the mind alone
 where things compose a clan
 the gods strong arms are left behind
 (the spirit winds seek a destruct-ion.)

leaving the earth, ambition selves, unloved the knight
kills to behold and be beheld. the farm cooks
endless mending, presses in
we left the stalking, stalled are walled within.
(seek cities' glittering arts to make us feel myst
eries)

I constant clean and herd and forge
no more the unit of all-nurture-fire-and-concern
in forage

 instead we yearn to towns (our arts' storage)
earmarked in rooms of buildings flanged
against the sky in cants
i don my suit and will compete to own
utensils which the sea and soil route;
 housed is my maleness in rage
(engaged to mortgages and payment by the day
undone by night)
the knight's despair brings boys to maleness again.

Hiding in rags torn off, no one assuages
nakedness
then less relief, with disappointment stay contained
or else, I path to killing off in races
 or perhaps revitalize and break
 again unto a liberty, where one hears the green
creation
 and the heart can be

the scent of ice spring in the furs
 to see my father's nares at firesides
and bend my spear
to meat; to seed
against the murderer and thief; repair
to pass around the night's protection, reasoned

(old man sea, creates his vapor-mates: Kittan.
oh N'touwin*, the cast out wolf is orphaned for a time
the hare has run to nurse at moons.)

Provider or Destroyer, southern stand
the winter knows the awkward skies of soul
this age goes backwards in the Circle Dance
 destroys
the rite of passage done, with no aggression's hunt
 detached
cast off accouterments of man
and give away the carvings which you can

hands textures and the rain, Chipi may bring
his death light now within
rejuvenate a nerve, revealed again for good

(the mita tent, the shaman shoots initiates
with chips of shells
-the bare bark swells by otter light-
They die.
and come to life. Now they are well.)

*The "Ntouwin" or oprhan rite was described as early as 1627 amongst the Algonquian Indians of southern New England. It also existed amongst the Lenape. At puberty a male was sent into the wilderness with a breechclout and a knife. If he returned after the winter, he was considered to be an adult and could marry.



Lee Auster
1986

beethoven charcoal ocean birds
doomspruce clouds

the sopped day; on the dunes
as a tribal boy, was loved, cast out, then for the winter
test: rushes as huts, and deer meat with my own bow
came back to make peace as a man.
in oregon the light was soft as deer, blooded as twi fire
we rested happy
in the tent, we made our choice (rentless)
children saw us destroyed by what we fought for
against, and chose our side
what forces had ruined us were ruining them
in this society there was little reunited
much was irreparably gone
the watershed flowed from the moon, the deer
saw its path at the river--it knew the myth if
not the rock itself.

Shore

All here is grey ocean, save for yellow-bronze ovals.
The sea supports mood
for all things and all things are soft in the mad radiance
of oceans. Cursory cruelty ignored
(the attics and joinings of exploitative houses,
holiday blue bulbs) by
strong exposure in the woven hut of winter.
Jostling tussling oaks with oceanish lobes
hiss in the vanishing unseen winds.
Like children with too many ruffles on
 stiffly toddling
rattles of shells adorn arms
too heavy to bend up.
 Cowries click, dentalia shuffles:
spinal tree
strung for respect's appeasement.
back like a taffeta snake
belly dancer
rooted feet
two arms like a line drawing
by a child
snaps,
sleeves weighted down by leaves
wrestle oceanish nappy skies
(rattle and creak)
Houses and sky, brief yards, short pines
 dim supported by strained thin washes of gouache rains
 now done, warless.
Dungeon colors drench the marsh grasses
 dredged by low sea from mud; these
seem like blacksmiths' broken sword-shanks
blunted by clouds.

tidal day, shadowless, sunless save for a few claxoning dunes.
Hazy orange brush strung with bittersweet.
Butter maples swelter.
Kate in flannels by the grit.
when the rain washes the different colors down
 they mix in the muck and welter.

These trees are bone upon
 the tendon wires of branch.
So, our skeletons.
One is many, many--one.
 Fall here is grey ocean, save for yellow-bronze ovals.
The sea supports mood for those objects soft in the mad radiance of oceans...

he saw the white process of history of the beach edge
and the Indian one. He wanted the mat house; it was truer, or
if the white house- a specialization which didn't exploit
men. If computers slikkered in bedrooms, still, some
involvement with the earth and hands; the vapor bath
held visions; tests, the breaking of a slavery.
there was much lost and little time to flee.

I

*Dan wanders through the house.
What shall I be when I'm a man?*

*In Oregon the boys cut wood.
They learn to hunt, from mouse to deer.*

*Wyoming, they are taming steer,
ride their stallions wide and clear.*

*Some in farms will milk the cows
nurse the piglets and the sows.*

The age of childhood ends, and now's
the longing and confusing time
whence procreative
choice is mine.

What shall I be
how to survive (and why)
where is rejoicing, where misery and mind?

*The hero lies destroyed, in pain.
Only the owl swifts, joyless today.*

Over the scrubby hills,
The patterns of man on planets killed:
First animal, then plant,
the warrior games we play
The hardening arm in hunt
The etiology of race.

Doctors, lawyers, specialize
merchants, teachers, everyone.
Are we just what we provide
or how we keep ourselves alive?

Dad must run to make a buck.
with any luck
dad and I on weekends sail,
take a walk, or shoot a quail.

When I was a tribal boy
bows and arrows weren't just toys.
I was loved and learned to test
my own arm against the seasons'
harms
Provide the meat with brotherhood

Chipped from soul, there I merged
with fog and water, flint and earth
In the fall was left alone;
vision with the harvest comes.

Years came silent with the ice
could talk, and smoke the dreaming pipe;
fires in snows wrought moon haloes,
Flint, Hare's brother knew Survival;

Wolf was ruined by Rivalry.
Though on lake ice he'd been drowned
by the envious spirits downed
singer rose he with the ice
walked about though not alive.
Wolf gave the dead fox fire's wraith,
waiting near the curing tent.

Choice decided: how Provide?
Create a Wisdom, give to life
or as mythic Twins destroy,
pull earth's pillars, gash a void.

(Heroes even could go too far,
such are men without the care
of rock and wind and wolf and
beings.)

11

Then castles grew up stone by stone.
Kings with weaponed iron honed,
took the land and some made serfs.
Castled riches, huts of earth
divided men, some work, some tithe--
Guilt grew at the bloodied hand.

Seed pearls snug her glossy hair as long as night
He goes forth to dare his might
Merely to protect the twinings swirled
like lathe-marks round her hair.
Yes, maiden's troth's the beckoning wand.
Joust to colours to protect
the ribbons in her hair, light flecked.

(Warriors

who gain respect,
by wielding weapons 'gainst the bad.
Some are awarded coats of arms,
and some gain drums and feathered charms.)

Enticement breathes up crippled leaves,
the world which you and I might
grieve to leave.

Dragons snore in winter lairs.
Snow drifts cross in treasures iced.
Follicles of hollies sheathed;
bedeviled berries linger pleased.

When the goodly game is won,
Put up tapestries and feast;
Play timbrels, drums, at tables round.
I play the games of fortitude.
(Quest to give her something new,
blessed by danger to test the truth.)

111
The rain brings out the scents of
lamb'sfoot gone to seed
a licorice steam of herbs
in sedges near the swamp.

Room on room, the haunted manor house
stretch beds with canopies
violins and chambers secreted arouse
the curious foot,
Remembered calm good substances;
These fancies will decipher
languages untaught.

Take up your love and folk
protect them with your zeal
those vigors you approve
being food and fire to roof
the fire pit, the wooden fork
(some ideal
worth dying for).

(He's lost along the trail
His horse is weary, pale.
The clear cut grace of face,
the tendril waving hair,

his heart's page is near--
she wears her dress of veils.)

The evening alters oak
from vein-ed scarlet, pink
and pumpkin, to the brink;
smoky dusk chills clear
the voices far and near
the arbored yard enlarges
to another magic sphere;
we walk together now
neglected once and proud
ride on to find approaches
where starry fog enlaced
with vistas
leaves dispatch
gambits out there near
that haunted house, the swamp
where we explore for ghosts
and spy the seeing fish.

IV
Men spilling over, traveled far
by ships with sails to other bars
where sand grew lonely, spar-like
pines
new world comes,
room
for one's own.

grew the farms, I cut and milked
traded beads for silken furs;
killed the red man for his land
roped up cows, took down the herds
of buffalo and antelope

went to church and learned to read
sorrowed somehow in my “good”
(gave out riches to the poor
but, somehow, the flaw endured.)

Alone on farms, awaiting care he wished.
She came to prayers
 ethereal as ice
the bonnet on her rosewood hair.
The candles and the fire mull their spice.
They mutter rain-like, sing past fear.
We friendly children our selves cheered,

(the trundle bed; we swathed in wool
the board across, we bundling)
will someday love.

The low beams hewn in pewter casts;
Logs rise up happy in the hearth.
Go out with day to chop and heave
Do summer tasks with winter leisure
Fields as far as eyes can seize
snows, ceaseless layers, up to eaves
the bales cover.

Some in mat tents, too enjoy
winter's hug, the meat is dried;
friends will come to join the carvings,
Harvest close, and outdoors givings.
In the quarters or out of doors--
sculpt the soapstone
or plane planked floors--
all cultures have their Giveaways.

Alone on moors, the hearted void
It called aloud, mysterious 'twas Heard.

More logs for the fire,
Swill the sheep;
Mother cards and twills the bales.
Father will slaughter, ham will cure,
Smoking in the hickory shed.

Come home late when voices bubble
to the fingered, ruddied branch.
The stubbled clouds of moons entrance.
Sleep with parents, kin, 'neath roofs.
Enough is here, games and good fill.

Then on end as we grow up
daughters laugh with daring sons
Father teaches carpentry
gets his hands in soil with me
Mother gentles out my cries
as she encourages,
I will grow wise

Hands still wrought the gate,
the door
butter, woolens, bartered for

V

then papers printed, came machines
industry in noisy dreams
made more gifts than I could wish
trains would roll and planes would fly
factories pump parts to buy.

Some were lawyers for disputes
on the land, and of the truth
what had once been a need to give.
cheaters of tribes, they no more lived
for the whole; what they did depleted us
lone they hid
(and only law could cry their crimes
but seldom did.)

Some were artists painting smooth
lushness from the liquids' hues
culling music from the soul,
staunching other people's pain by
their own suffering's feuds and tolls.

Some wore suits and went to work
to sell the wares we could not shirk
Daddy labours hard for us
to buy us food and shelter plus
to run the car buy heat and clothes

and now in school computers glow
with all the information known
how stars work and wires run.
I learn the history of men.

(The hero lies destroyed,
in pain--
the owl swifts, joyless today.)

The animals I would observe
more peaceable than men, their herds.
They speak in languages of wings
to send alarm, or when they sing
they call a mate. What weather brings, and
dark migration's gleaned somehow
from magnetism at their brow.
(Their senses' powers so acute

would overwhelm us if we knew).

And predator or herbivore
they have something we can't ignore
they tend the young, take what they need
but rarely cause their own to bleed.

When animals stay penned, too tame
they are sure gentle but rearrange
connection with surviving ways
become disordered and forget
whom they love, with whom they nest.

*over the scrubby hills will settle
the patterns of man on all planets:*
we use the earth and men as serfs
pollute and war, dependent work
for a system which nature shirks
all victims of a cage we've built
detached from cosmos, lies will kill
the soul

fractured lie the sherds of will
on the orchards' barren hill.
(the prizes cost too much of dues
in what we use up, what we pay
of innocence and time fulfilled.)

in each age, we will mesh
images from childness

maybe just cities tinting high
tubes which lick, cars in the sky--
or still light expanding night
with pregnant snows upon the ricks
and windows frosted tips which flick;
carols in the icy nip

skating on the moon,
or spring: biking to find unknown paths
exploring in the underbrush
for something we don't know enough.

Year up loved or un-lov-ed
sometimes disappointment comes
withered, turned in, we go on

somehow find the purposed soul
from the body's gain of self.
(Yet nature gave us quite enough.)

Then the love of kinship ties
fruited truth with edibles
social justice, honesty--
something we could aim for still.

At last in age we have the time
paced within the spiritual
mete out mocassined designs
choices which will fill the mind.

V1
Shall I adventure to the sky
with my computer flying guided
in shiny rockets fueled by suns
know other planets beauteous?

Will there be rivers fresh to wade
and greenest bounty, birds to hand;
Might rescue some distressed-ed maid
wander loose as Robin's band?

The veils of evolution turn
mankind from bow to castles' gems
mankind to Apparatus at the last.
Wilt set us free, give us the future
and the past?

Somehow if it were made complete
by robots forging planet space
to parts we'd need to grow our fruit
and build our homes for free someday
or dad were rich, I could pursue
the raptures left to me on earth
discover more and be at peace.

If machines will open costless
that which we once trapped and bought
so we may learn of time and dream
but in our arts shall no man use
then all be well.
But if an industry shall fail us
computer deal us neuter
dependent on the cash to get
what are our needs as we use up

value, freeness, and the globe;
no more
depend on season's fruit
as much as on the tools of men
we'd better fuse our own travail--
to skillful graft the budded pear,
swing the ax in circled-moons,
make robes and heat against the wet
perhaps to form in tribes again
take peace from our own two hands

A happiness is sought.
Perhaps what we have wrought will cease to make
miscarriage in the perfect pool
and give us garner so we may live
as paradise with little toil
swim the spumes, snap dribbled pears
wander in gold hills
take food to hand, and homes for all
with earth to walk
so we may call
the spirits out to see,
absorb and replicate the red brush skies of our love
and the creation there
and we may chorus to understand
the universe's coiled plans

If every one could have enough
whatever way
by hands, machine, or currency
We could explore or sit and speak
Paint our image on the glen
Swap the river moon and fen
Leaven in the love, well-mixed
with
festive welcome, banquets luxe
near timbers by the queasy sea.

And yet I wonder in this dream
too uninvolved from nature's scheme
I'm still a kid but when I'm grown
I'd like to build my own some day,
myself provide in my own way;
By closeness to the seasons know
where stars may live and trees may grow
and what the rabbits really do.

i'd rather be a part of all

the spirits and the flesh of fall
the water and the creatures' runs
the riddled leaf and yearning sun,
and by these make a daily creed

and we select technology to use
a certain part of energy--
but not make art all on the screen
nor wing my atoms from a dream
decompose and on a beam

land on other countries, whole--
the best of primal and of new
but needing others, that commune
which gives us spirit and the real.

Fused.

To Town

(from snare to manor to pasture he crossed)

outside the mountain walked the boy
on wrong-swelled paths to town.

Inside: imperfect uses for the blood which chants.

Sucked out by vast
new implements he found
the tower's stores, the cages holding orders,
on details depend,
as once they had on seasons' frailties.
(canalled dream-light, gold and green
fluidities assailed to ends it seemed)

(by jets o'er harbors, boxcars,
derricks, oil drums and drills, afar
spell bound
by corrugated storage bins,
the bang and gong of building, he went on.)

and yet so bare these tackled beings--men--
dig up stamp out to simulate, to automate in mass;
spent egos chained unto an iron link, too locked.
the senses shrivel, will not taste the winds.

Unstimulated
the vital heart reroutes to buy
a self; the person shrinks in good
no more to pare the fat, protect defend;
geared down by dragons grown too large
whose hooded breath's a net; pulled in unnatural
are caught.

Too shocked at the inpressing
go to the air unstrung from kin
like sparks.

Boxed,
the body now diminished proves itself by lust.





Inside (The Wrong Choice)

My friend in Canada wrote a play
many years ago
the title of which was as I know:
"Is Love Possible in Toronto/"
What he meant was that time spent
Cramped in cities to grab your bread
where land and selflessness were lost,
fame, ambition often crippled /hearts of men.
Therefore Evangeline and Orefors
would spread another tribal word:
The vision, it remained Unheard

By Hand

time and the earth have frames
as mortals do;
begin, peruse, transmute
in spirals towards the dawn.

mother's breast may cure the worst
and you in turn uphold (protect).

Use well the time; as well, the earth:
those asters brooming on the highland's chest
lie down among them, wrap their scent.
Their pulse is parent, be content in it.

But though the blooms are spent for seed
This same particle of field
grew here
when pilgrims set their ironware at hearths
before--when were moted dark
not yet conceived-
Not just for you, your limit-time, these
braiding weeds.

Conserve those things which have of worth
and cannot come again if they're destroyed.
Replant an oak, use what renews:
chargeless sun, for your fuel
and fecal waste
(there is a cycle for us, we avoid)

Keep water cleansed and air left pure as blood
No refuse to the skies and pools

Do not let greed rough up the earth
or god will call out floods and levelers.
Read messages when orbits staked to space
descend in vestiges
upon a fault

supplies spit dregs, mirthless tailings
to the ground
which radiate and down
the health at hearts.

The earth's disheveled, shoveled down.
What dinosaurs once gnawed upon
no more's created since this planet's spawn.

Those molecules we manufacture
 placed within our blood and culture
 damage our blood, pollute our selves
even as the things we shelve and dump
wear out the globe.

The globe is but a marble in the universe.
Once it's cracked and unpreserved,
like empty moons it rolls, dry cursed.

You can hew wood to build.
 Its firmness is good under the ax.
The strong brown ground feels rich
unto the digits.

The scent of soil's rich with spring and rain.
The shriveled seeds which grow to green things
change your heart.
The lamb wool satisfies
 when carded down.
The tanned hide stretched is like a sculpture
 rubbed and malleable made, unruptured
for the awl.

 To carve the game is velvet for the heart,
and gathering fruit, the jewels popping
 off the boughs, like chandeliers whose amulets
sharpen light
is might. (One needs nothing but the firefly stars.)

If you'd have love not slavery
 take structure of your basic needs
to know them well.
do what you can yourself, by hand,
and live with less of currency; tell trade
instead
 and simplify
then she'd not lust for diamonds donned,
the placid palm, or to be gone from kin,
nor he his champagne, custom cars,
 to cheat, corrupt, just for a luxury's
omnipotence:
 those penthouses hemmed in
with gadgetry and sin.

You'd both have trials but also time
to hum with craft, to mend the child.

Not serfs to money, nine to five.
And man come home unto himself,
hence woman smile.
and those without place a new tribe..
no one to starve, alone to die.

youth in its prime find body's joy beheld.
society to gather by:
the couple, clan, survives providing-
and age, a time with wisdom, melds.

Not all just Society which paradox makes Lone.
Not all the mind and lonely homes.
But nature's corpus brought to hand
and spirits all the realms will tend.

In Earth is Truth.
Everything we need which is of use.
Every thought we need: subjective vision
fused with fact--is in the land
and seasoned body, packed.

I shear my sheep.
His four feet stick up in the air.

When he gets up,
He is all bare.

I card my wool.
When it is clean
it's fluffy and full.

My sheep smiles.
I spin his fleece
into a pile.

I coil the skein.
My sheep bahs
like a baby
gurgling for its ma

I dye the wool
with boiled herbs
which grew kindly
in the woods.

I weave and knit
my balls of yarn
into goodly
clothes and rugs..

I hug my sheepie for these gifts,
(And give him
a big kiss.)

FOUR

Wolf natoquos/the hunter
tests survival and provision

Wolf

“It is cold here. There are always snows.

we lived in the winter place; we (some of us) later left it and returned to it.

I gather hickory nuts and animal fat. I grease my bow. The breath of the cold beckons me with its smoke. The animal tracks thrill me; mystery and thanks
That I am able.”

Aloneness

Wolf chipiapoos and wabasso

reinstruction

Adolescence

Entering Community

courtship and love

at the northeast

Wabasso and his underspirits destroy Wolf.

The Great Snake Floods the world.

Above and below, by ice and heat, conflict recreates form.

As we direct the use of our hands, so our wishes make light or dark of beings.

reemerge

full of the others

so shall we marry and give birth

We came to the winter dark. Three was ice here. Wolf was destroyed by Wabasso, the white hare. The elder brother mourned for wolf. White spirits in the snow. There was flood. The world would have to be remade.

*coated within the cold-bound room, there was no sound but the
presence of the
radio and the visions.*

Run Away

Cross legged under the marquee
she sits
the raw rain slaps her wrists
the red hair splays unto the wind

she hasnt changed her jeans for days
shes hungry and the change she made
 from what shed saved
after the bus, after the way
 east
wasnt very much

her parents fought at home
 ignored hurt and alone
she wanted to make her own
way
longing, the second pain
 after one had been disdained
ones own and ones own love
first urgings
the other and the self, to prove
 the challenge

city towers verging
 drink in lights
and make it by the mythic "I"
 the magazines described the blend
like oracles from distant lands

 to feel,
 real life, poverty, the bottom line
closer to art or God's divining,
better than jobs in factories,
math
making distended missiles computed
to a graph plot, futile

a shame, no tent to tend
 nor willing brave.
 sheared cities grazed her
undefended.

That which fluxed first, primitive
having no nature's wildness
 turned from the canoes to venture

through the untame-ed firs
to other stimulants to cure
unknowing
for she no use yet learned
or if,
no place for it without corruption;
 (they would rip
it off), nor love;
 and the strange excitement
 would barter what she
had unchanneled, for what she earned

the crippled stone men passed her wizards
at the hawking table belts and calendars
fake lizard, the movie signs a shabby lure

bored at the tinny plains
 the endless grazing homes,
craving a diamond for an evening gown, the thrumming
glamour of the dancing town, the high electric lights
 she'd rout these out, these prizes

in the dust the soot at curbs, oh
she felt she heard a mother's voice

she missed what once before
constricted her
 she wished
clean sheets, the sun and linen scent
of cotton morn
bacon, eggs, hot coffee--
not the awful petty nattering of a hypocrisy
of television soaps, consumer goads
to husbands who were always broke
too much ambition focused wrong
not schools which never let you question
rote and bias, rules
no longer useful, limiting tools

but music floating in the den
 books on end
 her talents heard
 the boy beyond to run and merge
 with her, a life to verge together
by their own strife against the herd

some privacy in rooms and woods

snow upon the yard
kind voices
Christmas candy canes
bay window panes
frosted within the cushioned dark.

There in the woods, near the quiet, clean hills and the lake, the heartfire
burned,
poverty's sourness changed. What was lost
could be retrieved.

In the white house, the clean scents pointed up by the snows' adventures; talent believed in; friends to share the ribboned tree; stories to write, the ocean without; embracing each other to know the best of self and yet the child was angered.

St. George Sans Dragon

where is adventure?

the ships in clipper rigging
run away to sea?
the privacy of the explorers in the arctic heaviness of cold,
small vessels on the salty bay to trap the mackerel?
(The leaves of rain
put out the torches set for fish.)

I have seen the hero die in sorrow
loving the earth,
his princess changed
from offerer of the feat and feast,
from basket weaver
to unobtainable
(the moss-verte spill of mozart and the castle lute)
the idol lady, servanted,
then slave to that which lacks of tapestry,
and afterwards, she moves to practice as a male
where all work for the normal equalizer, must earn
their petty day (quotidian specks).
Wouldst turn her back to princes, or a mate at hands
(and name these brief new independent callings
a fulfillment).

(the looped wetness of the boughs
a hidden house
the space between
the snow and you
reverberating salted air
behind the white barn door)

where is the hero?
destroyed by what he broke.
cast iron and the sword and tool have won,
the dark wood passion, gone.
At times, she'd tried to change their soulless ways and paid
the price of death
and he will mourn. (Hear murre's oh dolorous incant like waves:
"Demur oh murderous ones; thy odorous satanic puffs insult the world." They rave
and she has heard them.)

What ruined them i see invade the house:
the man will work, his lyricism lost, no test
and no Apollo at the Trojan War, no gallant joust,
whilst woman becomes spender for her nest.
Alloyed, seeks artificial ploys.
He takes another lover. Both rise,
limited by lies.

(This lassitude it would not happen in the tribe
some strength of moors it would remain
i'd take my pick.)

Low tudor streets outside their oil lamps i roam
under the aqueducts of city parks.
A lawyer sits within, his tedious tomes mete justice
which should no man have to tend
Sword-girt to defend my ship, at cul-de-sacs.)
I pretend the past, a flowing shirt upon my back.

My mother (Noel)
she was then the heroine for sure:
hooking piled nights of corn and goose together.
Flannel trees cringed nervous at the night.
The sachem would embrace the heroine's plight

The hero wanders through the house's pales
cast out
where stone arises at the sea
like men entombed
(Prometheus in afterworlds).

They both
embrace her dying form
and longhouses are built
where feathered wands in flame will exorcise
these things.
The chamber waits what proofs?

In the tribe the owl flies.
Technology will ruin fog and tie us down.
Industrialists of capital and Marx
have no excitement, still the boom and bust:
As cows had come to Boston early on, so those went broke
at Plymouth when Massachusetts bred its own
so industry came up and farmers dimmed with dust
so stocks made fortunes dive and poverty endured
so binaries will click.
The poor are too hard ridden
the smoke stacks stop as mills once did,
and many hungry come as if they don't exist
while fortunes new are raised.

the only way
to give land for the groups
who tenting wander cold in cars
to build and grow and make just what we need
for only freedom lies
in self-sufficient lives.

(Perceive the shadowed ghosts of snow
between the conic pines, haloed.)

I'd make my choice
adventure in the trying
and, thus love..
For love cannot be true
when what you Must
Takes souls away from life
And uses other people up.

shatter rain light
new forms for moons of owls
quarters for

I lived in the indoors decalesence
loved and loving, limbered
care-less I was, a child
took my wheels and my toys my kicking ball
to feel at large
the scope of youth
to bounce through square-limbed jungle gyms
the west concocted hills for Horse
the middle, barns and fencing chores
the east, big clapboard porches cakes and more
on the farm we made a christmas churn from cheese
and butter, snow spilled out
birds in the gloomy crowns, the myrtle
warblers, cardinals, jays, whipped noisy at the firs
the sands moistened up with play
the mounted path displays unknowns
sleep easy in the backyard tent
and sleighbell on

but there were those who neither shared their labor
on the land at homes
nor pooled their homes at night with calm
when dad came home
but wrecked as pock-ed stone knew none of love
knew none of turkied facts
roamed tattered and alone.

my father labored at his office desk
mother labored too at home, and bought. some thing was lacked:
some husking of a moon
some smallness in success of ships,
the widow's walk, the magnate's coin.
some guilt at a hypocrisy
the household held..

mother took a lover to her loins, bored
she could not wean romance from dreams, the chore
of mundanes or of idling was hers--
and kitchens jelled it worse.
some normalcy hewed edges off, no highs no lows
no dissonance\ when souls are lost, follow affairs
and souls are lost when they conform to emptiness
I had my day of reckoning, was disillusioned
rising wings
were clipped of daring

Could not believe my father's voice nor mother's faith

and warped alone

rebelled. the age of adolescence comes
the longing and confusing time

Then reason to see justice done, and values change
to come undone.
now action is my provender and growth, in conscience
with the earth
responsible to self I see
what my own vision teaches me
but having mind may tend as well
community and progeny
and when my children field
time from death
steep the roots in age for sons;
Blackstone* birded to endure, has
ridden rain and arms of flame;
reap my senses once again,
waterfalls to weave unended;
no pain but pleasure, packets, spend
have proven worth, been recognized
the ages of a mortal soul.

what choices then if we are caged
too bright for greed, what then but rage?
the misfit murders at his time
some men exploited will do crime
and doctors cut your suicides
even you off till you decide
no more the spiritual spine of life
but make all mindless marketing

squeeze out your life, for greed is great
and go to church, reiterate
your thanks for everything you have
your "goodness" too.

some will shape wildness to other lives
even if slaves.
shred rainlight slipstone spread
in intricacies of other wings
boy eyes alive with racing night
the senses natural of life
behave in braver brotherhood
the scent of ocean lingers near
the deer tracks, and the choice is dear.

*Blackstone I found out AFTER writing the poem, is for the Omaha tribes, an embodiment of thunder. Some Sioux tribes say where lightning strikes the earth, a black stone with magical powers will be. Black stone is also important to Moslems.

children cluster in the marshes
through halls of straw which curve like hulls
they wander these the corridors of fall
mauve gold bronze gold pink gold wine gold
gold yellow and gold green

these beings fleshed and packed between their births and deaths
move to see what magic in the grasses swept

lets go out and play
the dark-haired Marion would say
to her most sentient blonde prince
and in the rookeries of glens
before they knew to love, firm they were friends

they made up codes and sent each other missives
which a listener would not know
they sought adventure in the underbrush, black
autumn coming with her tented rush
up from medieval hearths as big as troops
where he wore swords and tunics for her
love, to yield gently at the evening's set
and gentle kiss and softly pet her shoulders
neck and hair
she curled under all his noble armor naked there
to fold a floral when the day was done

the field where they'd run was ripened now
his hair flew back her classic brow
they picnicked 'neath the pictured perfect park
drank topaz fall at salt sprayed tangy blades
and knew past drama and all histories cracked
moments for the two of them, eternal backed.

a breeze it birded by them, whisper swept
the weeping peace of eyes which faithful met
these childhood playmates
deepening and kept
for time unfoiled.

Pioneers

They fought
rains animals
drought

were warned,
continued and with
the weight of
arrogance

embezzled the
land itself - all were
their enemies.

They fought rains
animals drought

were warned, by
arrows, rifles,
stolen cattle

by their own going
mad in the winds as
they tied
themselves down to
a single place within
miles of grass

Yet they
continued and with
the weight of
arrogance

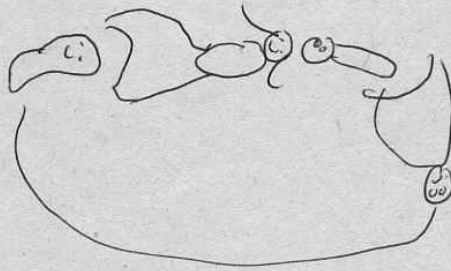
embezzled the land itself. All were their enemies.

The continued by sheer act of will, and despoiled the land in consequence. Stubborn.

Illustration:

Circle of babies coming out of mums.

illustration
circle of babies coming out
of mums



NOTES

(As children we gather the imagery which fuses members of the same time and place into a union by way of common memories.)

Whether rush tent on pure marsh corn colors
crimson maroon washes off trees
one many one soul;
many one all return to nature-cosmos, love.

For the love of medieval or Indian leather, hands still
cut
porcupine quill, Africans grill
antelope and wander (good fathers)
wondrously in moons; herbal vision, owl cures.

Whether rush tent warrior, male mentoring guard
she feeds babies and the poor, uplifts the ill, caring
for sclerotic soul; whether knight her scarf hero or Greek
goddess,
Delphic sees patterns or constellations in your self.
Unique sublimity brought life t'Apollo. Nomad.
wrap in warmth.

(whether spheric music)
whether colonial fields stretch
or bare land rich with houselessness
or antique stanchions set on stallions' saddles
or bricks to hutch appliances, mainsprings, engines'
grills--Africa
looses
to a rocket age's crutches, and
nature to a servant, to a selection's vector
wheel-chaired, subservient
hurt voiceless poor in towns
and image has a history a taste a scent:
Ontario's air more spacious greener inlets
than the State's
pin-ball circuits marble-neon whizz
the chalet-skate-house's embrace
love on the fields
wounds with gothic cure
(physical social relatives/ friends spiritual)
the warm spool of sun warps stoles.

arrowheads grandfathers found
jazz resounding off the armatures
the Cambridge house where culture shelves nuances in
grosgrains carpeted

my love now with,
continuity continuous
as wish.
(abstractions reassemble
you decipher this!)

Pillowed on air the owl flew. The feathers near his eyes filtered out the rays of the raw new sun. He flew over the red stone houses on the turquoise and abalone mesas, through the flutings of the clay birds of the morning.

The boy alone in the suburban house had no physical survival in the firs edging his town. As for his family they both dispersed and closed in; pods/milkweeds.

The souls at the promise of near cities' gifts, guileful, withered.

The owl, intense as love, flew on.

The boy was out there like a small stone in the middle of a waterfall.

*Do what, be what, need what, enjoy what, where is the Whole,
and who and what is she?*

Where was a use for strength, clever arms rowing against the seas?

Verse Circle Repeats (chorus)

1
he is alone on the beach, left there
 (its fire-moon at dawn)
he must gauge himself a man.
raise up from saplings, coverage with hatchets
tan hides to kindle up the skin
pick plants whose root will soothe the raw
 spring game to stop the stomach
 read the paws

winter or a death provides
vision in a tautened mind
shale-scrape twig
and seeking chill bend survival lift with will

return oh wanderer, your clan awaits
 you in the pulp of melon-dusks
lynx blankets throw about your form
you equal with your fathers now
 may husk a wife, in mystery's vow

thou wert loved, the rabbit love
 now N'touwin pushed out an orphan
for a time
compete then use up anger for your pulse
 pull torches from the reed and dulse
return and reunite with those who knew
walk passage with the mind
 know sorrow and its twine
of kindness/
the softened mantling-around

each age a vibrant fire burns
 more choked when earth is scorched
the pulse at hearts;
 the ballmist northwest rolls,
surpasses swells;
even the buyer counts his woe
 intuits love if has it not
and no face nigh;
the fogmoondune
feels intimates afire
 by your side
and will rebel at wounds.
unexpected fire's like a bleeding cut

a terrible surprise erupts
from temperate coverings

the brushy hut, the naked spume
the world's enwrapped in vapors odd
the pipe smoke of the secret gods
the owls' hoverings

the hare will teach the arrows light
the choice is trickster's to the east
rivalry is tempered fine
or else it hardens hearts to dine
on blood
the pick creates or else destroys

the pipe creates a harmony of webs
(though forts stockaded close their hubs).

11

Some ages turn the bodies in
lost to the brain.
the rabbit love for some awhile
then:
endurance weakened to a game of sticks
aloneness locked in rooms while kinfolk
chatter at their drinks.
rage as a job, no chase; tamed up no vision, no return
encrept with supple
unities of hidden humuses
fragmented distant soul-less dins.

Not nature, no dark prophets oceans close.
Nature abused; she is the residence of stone.
chosen, the promised land's derisive scheme/
psychotic holy dreamers, strip/ concealment off
(where once they reinforced the real..)
no more the passage rites, initiate
(to walk the cure with gourds a-rattling)
all comes society, a public wish for things.
dishonesty keeps us alive.
and love is loneliness to buy a ring
and for these glories' kingdoms
will do battle

turn in, despise it, this negation
Wolf is drowned for good.
the hero at the boulders driftwood mouths

no more.
wisdom, peace and death, treeless, dishonored,
discontinuous
the famine of the individual
what we have fought for, martyred.
What is responsible, what actions more?
no hunters, we will wage a war with minds,
to spur our fierceness as the Twins--
Over-Provide, tear pillars to the winds
stay Rivals and spend all time in a Survival.

aggression better to transmute to pasts
in touch with all our parts
not wait till after recognition's earned
where wealth will wear another like a chain
go to the moors again
hunt synthesis
(take use of art without exploiting men)
after the world is gone
the choice will raze or carry on
(still rites exist before the dawn.)

under the raw leaves
spring's body stretches
at the center is sandstone. the seasons
stretch: four limbs from rock and dry
sea-tin, forest-green, sand-cut, mountainrise
the warm smell of touch
the passion exists in earth
the rest attenuated shadows, severed veins
excised from tourmaline
green leaves have eyes
we do not hear their sighs/

the hare will teach the arrows light.
The Choice is Hare's Twin to the east
Rivalry is tempered fine
or else it hardens hearts to dine
on blood
the pick provides or else
destroys
still rites exist before the dawn



Purple Seth in New England

Seth walks out of the house with the white clapboard, the ink-blue trim, the American antiques, the kitchen with its fruits and primitive paintings.

He takes his skates over his shoulders like a pair of dead rabbits. Off to the gateway of the pond under the iron tree, alone he goes. He is thirteen and no matter how many people have loved him (or have not), nor how many friends he has, and he has many, he feels alone. Past the age when tomboy girls climb trees, run high jumps, sneak into houses, and boys disdain them, happy to stand one-footed on the pedals of their Schwinns, he knows first longing. (Seth is a marsh haired boy with chiseled features; a tall, graceful person with a romantic cast to him. He is a boy with hair like sea at night; a boy a bit plump; a boy backed against the billboards of the ghetto where the el rumbles; a Russian peasant; a Chinese worker; an African leaving the lions for the city apartment...) He needs a way to understand himself in his time's context. Otter.

Sweep her up as the wind and run like the books of rain in their indecipherable pages.

The Duck is cold in his flight as steel blades, mottled as the balding wintry landscape. It flies past the sea-weedy scent of ocean, paddling into parabolas of foam and blue. There are mauve moods in the dusty miller at the dunes' pads, stone paints in the plant: lilac, sandstone basal leaves, shell pink, lime green florets look as if they've been cut from felt by a talented child. The bayberry myrtles' waxy bronze slim ovals, cast-iron bent twigs, and arrow sized clusters of pewter duck-shot berries intersperse with dimpled beige pods, dingy bulrushes. These bristle, reach and move with stingy motions.

I am the imperturbable duck, he says, sitting chilly above the slatey skating pond above the distant ocean, in sweaters, at zero degrees. My figure eights below are grooved by metal on the ice. Designs melt away, so clear at first, so white and bright in the silver. Orchards near, apples erased by winter. Traces of sleds, marks in the iced, slim snow. I shall take her grace away from evil, her fragility as my own concern (and her strength as my bulwark). Tuniced, steal her off from evil. Ride through the woods on white unicorns. Finally, I have achieved my spear. I can tell a bird from leaf-shudder and can stalk to shoot meat.

Day-dreaming he recalls a visit, camping with his family: The high firs' small mountains encircle us in the Northwest. They are a cloak we can pull about us, changing its patches, warm; straight as they, we go upwards. The animals come to feed and I may set up reeds or logs to shelter us, and I may be brazen as the stone-serrating cold itself, sharpened.

His particular race memory passes through time: He is in his illusory animal state, as an Indian child. Now he passes the farmhouses, moved towards the jousts and the castles and crosses the ocean to the farmhouse of the ancestors who arrived here in the 1600s. There are one hundred acres beyond, some in fallow, some in pasture, some in crop, and some in woodlot.

Imagining the 19th century Federalist a sea captain built in which he now lives, he thinks: It is good perhaps to see her in brown velvet behind the civilized windows, the carpeted stairs, the jewel of a flute, apples, pears and bound print, well backed with red leather, but something lacks, something urgent, original, dangerous, whispering. I'd walk back.

Back of the white barn door a certain disciplined daily vitality in milking. But dissatisfaction, too. My kin are both with me too much and not with me. They maintain a distance but oppress me with their continuous presence.

The farm was the choice: then more was wanted--and so finally in cities, men compete and lose meaning to small unmythic minds. Space is lost wherein the tent may

circle its own ground near fire stones under the fragrant catches of trees in safe clearings, and we may breathe slowly as the resting fawn.

I do not want the wrought iron of the First Comers, their bog iron and cross saws, their puritan, cold, square huts--and yet to look out slowly at the acres from within the tallow-kneading frames under timbers could be good, as long as there is something mysterious, and love is not detached so from survival, from rawness, first-hand reality, and necessity (so that it grows hard by a very softness of existence).

I was struck with a madness for a time, could not put my world in order; desired all, lost all.

She, she had a faith in me, in my maleness revealed, and order came from her, as well as from my own song; I tried it out in the wandering through winter woods.

Today I am songless, in this world.

I must choose something to make money.

He holds his lantern. Winter people roam, peoples who for millennia, knew ice and the tracks of mastodons. It warmed. Then we were farmers. The grains grew up. It is our summer.

He sees the castles, then unobtainable objects crafted by artists which only the wealthy can afford; then the castles dissolve. There is a loan of money from the wealthy to peasants and artisans to buy land but that land is lost and from thence was a removal to a colony. Ships came and went with goods. Goods used up pieces of places, produced for men in far countries who were merely Markets. Revolutions came. Wars depleted the treasuries, the materials for the goods were converted to war weapons and the finance of war. Now we must supply the markets with more. They throw men off the land in the small island of your ancestors, using the land for wool. They invent machines to make more cloth faster, to make more money in world trade. We build pumps for the mines to mine more iron and coal, for fuel, for household goods and nails. The pumps use new machinery. The world changes. Where depletion and scarcity compelled machinery to make something out of nothing by alchemy, in abundance here in the new place, the machinery could make it faster, and more of it as well, for more markets to buy and more money to be made. So, we too invent machinery to weave fustian and linen. We weave it. The machine is an engine of its inventor's greed, in the name of swift dispensation of human needs, in the name of altruism and beneficence.

I may live in my own skin, but the times and places of others flow within me, too.

The circular house was warmer than the square one of my ancestors.

As a chief's son, I knew the round hut and the circle of speaking. Even as Gawain and Arthur knew a round table.

Go to school, take a job, be a part of a system which uses me and by which I use up the earth. Is this success?

Could I but do as I would in some kind of artistry, and have enough for needs from that--ax to lumber, seedlings to crop--have my arts without exploiting any, then those who would grow things for all mankind their fruits, would, then those who would build, would, if this were happiness for them; but I would prefer smaller units. I would not force any to a factory to reap the earth and end her just to supply me with my achievement and my wants.

No. I would choose some other way to have enough, so then I could explore the tough gull colored winter turf, the creatures of the marsh, with her, and mystery be ours to come to.

It seemed that rich or poor, the black man sorrowed born put behind others; less schooling, little choice. The doctor who walked once miles to amend one discomfort, he loses love to another. The king knew his guilts when he sent men to their deaths who

swore fealty to him. The middle man grew tired of the rote of his days, setting prices, buying selling commodities. The farmer sat down with his hat off his head, feeling empty in fields' hugenesses of dead grasses. Castled or boat battered, in crowded hole, in carpeted hall--the black man loves his woman, the doctor pines for loss of love, the knight has no armor to his love. Delicacy prevails in many of our wishes, a soft close lightening in our souls, no matter what our bounty, musts, or our travails.

We all call in our sufferings.

I am the imperturbable duck. The duck wandered off from its home flock and was lost. He ended up sitting on this skating pond without a mate. He went to a swampy corner, as pelicans and owls too may stray from what is known to them.

But as spring came, a mate followed it to find him. The flock passed over and here was a new turf for them which I had discovered.

Emerged out of one birth but felt another kind of spirit held me in spite of it. My culture, my color, my religion, even my species perhaps did not determine me at last, but freed from those constraints now what could I choose?

Illustration: skating pond in a frozen marsh. Few houses on hill. Seth.

Soft

she said the spirits dance in cloud heights when it snowed
that those white flakes below were flowers which they throw.
she said she knows, she is one, as the owl flows.

she said that when she sews
the past comes back. she scrapes the hide, and beads
the smock with shells by needles made of bone
as the eagle winds intone through war shirt firs
decorated with the sacred tufts of hair.

the clattering cold, geometries of rain in architectures, old
cerulean leaves, losing their dye, the sampler in her frame,
the white peeled molding and the window pane,
the wall studs stuffed with straw
the fire in the windy hearth, the sleighs and vistas of
the mountains, peace as thick as fur.

penelope, odysseus waits, at looms in massive marble spaces,
embroidering the panoplies of wars she will not join--
the tapestries with myriad needles thousand flowered,
unicorned to wait for kings to ride to towers, with ermined robes adorned--
first factories, the workshops for these arts.

(once her needle sewed a tapestry, she was th' indentured maid

to royalty, and they embroidered too.)

her brother took up shuttles for his Weaver's guild.

Escaped the cotter's life.

The winning Lord in border wars built walls which
took his weavers in
for he would have their arts for his exclusive chambers
and to trade to other kings.

here in the living room, the other worlds of moons where
they're shaved out in tallow curves beyond, the boiler's on
the cars no longer zoom, she stitches piece-work pillows
with a child's heart, their shapes of dogs and cats
capture an essence and will last.

returns he god-like winnowed from the cares of worlds
unto to their glen
from stony rawness where he hacks his way,
and will her colors share
to blend pastpresentfuture, in places where
now and then Beauty weaves its coverings.

.

Illustration for Circle Dance

naked boy alone by campfire in woods with white Hare.

His eye implies that he needs no other place but the shapes of the forest.

Snowy Owl flies overhead, seeing bridges in the distance and Hopi (Canyon de Cheely) dwellings painted in four different colors.

The boy alone brings down a deer, he himself painted like a deer.

Boy joins family on marsh as man. Takes woman to tent. Children.

Farms and milking cows. Fences spangle the fields.

No others are around.

Boy alone in house, with parents at party, book, tv. Boy pretending to be knight, jousting.

The boy is nearby in biz suit at desk in an office in a factory. Cities with industry choking nature. The smoke rises out over the other pictures.

Owl flies over log cabin. He chops wood. She brings him corncake, smiling.

There is a wetu.

There is a perfect cabin, providing for all its needs within the community, self sufficiently. The skills of the seasons, the body within nature, are practiced within their times and hours, from spring to fall, from dusk to night.

FIVE

CHOICE

Adult

Otter speaks:

The Trickster came to the southeast from across the seas; he interrupted us as we canoed the lake in the company of the Giant.

The neotonous vaporous Twins at the east and west were a War between warmth and cold

Hare Wabasso (maker of whiteness) and Hare Manobozho (spirit creates itself) (returned as) Giant Twins (with other names)

These of the sunrise of birth and death war with each other.

They endanger the world by zealous wars and too much provision.

As I choose, so my soul is one and all.

It was the deepest night after the flood. Soon the Giant would come and be plagued by the little foolish ones. The white hare would flee to the north, pushing the wolf to the south. The winter and the summer would war at the east and the west. A new hero would come from Manabohzo the spirit which creates itself--to recreate the rites and reinstruct us in how to hunt and gather, and how to behave.

About Owl

(Emphasize verses with bells, shells, African drums, Indian drums, Asian gongs, kettle drums, Jamaican steel drums, bone whistles, owl sounds and the human voice as a chorus.)

Owl has no furnished dwelling
(though he cert can tender well)
no brick or wood with room on room
Chippendale and slatted chairs
paintings of milady fair

Perhaps his living's so intense
that all our arts
are second hand,
to him would be scarce recompense
for a lack of real Sensations.

Owl's home smells good as moon
Not the cities turrets fires
But the higher he may fly
Sees us to those cities tied
Losing meaning every day.
Poor men sour put away
Mortar rots
and lives be bought
by guilt.

Commercial rivers bandy forth
goods and goods of every sorts
but the work to get you those
is tedious and solitaire
and uses up the earth to give
things converted from the flesh
of forests, soil and minerals.

Owl knows the real thought
meat upon the claw in bosk
spirit world and patterns taught

Easier to goodly be
when he is one with what he needs.
(Need not pay the voles
to eat.)

Yet perhaps if he were rich
supper could be brought, each dish
and with a shipping magnate's smile
buy up sculpture, pile on pile

Somehow think he'd feel duped
disinvolved from brushy ague
Like a creature under glass
molding in his showy case
no more needing from his race,
gentleness, aggression's chase.

In this age can joining be
when we are pressed to make our job for currency
and currency like a balloon
spirals with the populace
(as resources grow less and less
with less and less of Place)
to burst and spill o'er us?
(The loss of space, means loss of face
and human grace
which endless greed for gods and goods attempts
to replicate.)

*How many died from the pollution there
a thousand miles away;
the factory which gave you this,
this shining dress,
this car?
And workers there
inhaled
for three cents an hour
death,
no more to find their homes in pleasant jungles
now cut down; the tigers gone.
It was a job.
Did you care
What you did to someone somewhere else?*

You had your dream.

Can we love when servitude
makes us all to victims soon
whether we are rich or poor
dependent on our very care
 our food for table
heat and fuel,
 on other selves, so distant from our
 dwellings?

In the past we used our hands
 brave at the edges of the icy
 dread-blue ocean storms,
 whether a whale or a stand of corn
we sought, we stood as one or starved
unbought.
Hunted hide, named groups of roots
Kenned their uses and observed
Sweet rabbit, cougar in their ways.
 Cosmic in our vegetables we prayed.

To find your courage, play your games
 Run long and well, challenge each other
for a name.
Pull javelins and rift-peak climb
 Learn horse's gallops, dogies tied.
Fire build, make camp and foraged dish;
Read the books of grace and wish.
Learn the history of men--
But know how black bears go to den.

Close to the flesh and bone of storms
 act out the ways of tigers and of snakes
and see what wrong we do to them
and see what wrong we do to men.
Break out of these glass distances
 Live life in life
not by a plastic screen's defense.

shatter rain light
new forms for moons of owls
quarters for

Jobs

(Throughout the poem, we hear a squealing sound as of machinery, a metal door banging, wind blowing through it; steel drums)

in the long wing of the snow
unbroken beaks of spruce
Then notice mantling the prey
metal pails' gravelings corroded,
soup cans, boxes of detergents
wrenches, catches, urgent unraveling,
the piles of our pasts' excrescences:
entrails lashed from the mud
to crested claws of spired rungs.

Cities pile glass on glass
When jobs are through
then you are massed
disclassified as slips and mired
passed right by.

It's nice to bring the spoils money buys
to rooms, t'unwrap the gifts, unwrinkling them.
But where's the fiefdom just your own,
the old wood stove,
the pillared posts you've sawed?

With less and less
they argue more;
compete and grasp.
Hunger, cold and sorrow steals
the vastness.

Too many hawks peck at the mouse,
as elders pull down garbage tops.
Fingers thwarted, hearts like lead;
Hope like heavy bullets, dead.

But some, living by far hills,
nurture seedlings snapped from bearded bulbs,
are padded in a quiet, enclosed.
See contrapuntal snows, hear flutes.
Chop up wood for fire pits;
exhale haloes in the chill.

He and You

Tin suns malletted
 silver waver. Outside "rude winter"
locks your finger tips, yet
within the bottled Coleman flame
his radiance holds
a wick and
living-life-is-wonderful with him,
 for he can do most anything
as you can, too—your fingers fit.

Slaves in ranks are rankled, mean.
Others, they have time to lean to kisses
and inhale the prickled muddy blisses
 of the April sprouts,
to relish bouqueted insights
 (like perfume to the petals)
invisible as spirit lives.

(As lanterns in the bloated fog
reveal them on scrim
 inevitable patterns are decreed
designed by acts of men.)

*Slaves rank mean
while others they have time to lean on kisses
and inhale the prickled muddy blisses
of the April sprouts
Appreciate the eyes which bouquet insights
reenforced from lives
invisible about; as lanterns in the bloated fog
the patterns scenes in screens are order-ed...*

Ghost Dancers

electric humming bird shakes
near the heart
drums a humor
to the baser parts
and flirts on higher sparks.

Ruby hunter,
walker
runner

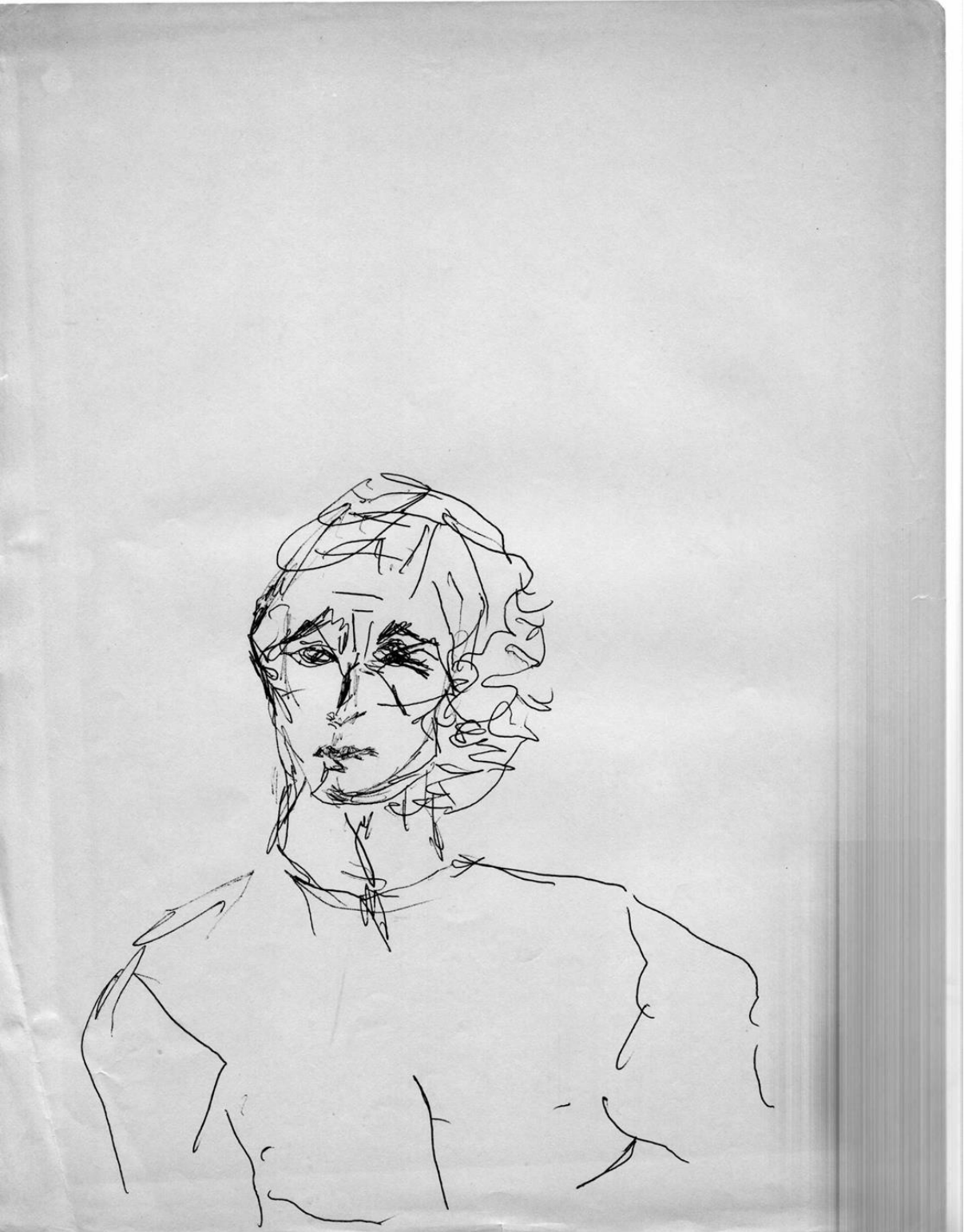
eater of the yellow air
see you simmer, hover
spin and jump and disappear
like sun flakes from their spots
faster than the volts can vibrate shocks.

oh ye limber minstrels:
chris-crossed was the craftiness
of Persians who were missed.
Daniel danced and dandled
Dandelions from his
Hands,
and dad devoted haiku
to the summer tendrils strewn:
Sweat summed up the romping
shaman's news.

Till soon, the silken evening stole
like ballads on the soul.
It crept up sleeves
to nestle boldly, fluttered, at the chest.
Vested music
sacred at the west.*

*(*The western door is that through which life passes to death in a single lifetime and at the world's end in certain American Indian mythology. After passing through the western door, life will reemerge at the east.)*





Dope
It's OK, it's your choice
 you can smoke that stuff, my voice
will stay its insults.

Inhale dumbness, stultified;
while you think it heightens
 all it does is numb.

It's like a goad.
The frontal lobes
 close off, blinded, like a cinder
in the brain, a brand. It gives you false
Rewards before they're earned or gained.
Who needs surprise? Blunderbussed,
hit on the head with lies,
 you'll feel wise, and melt.

Instinct will have no urge
 and learning curb itself
and love detach/ the bull to red
another violated head in entropy.

Bach did not need boo to trumpet.
Clarity not Blur's the site to tempt.
 It's hard enough to set a thought to action.

Exhilarate by moving bones to satisfaction.
Clear the mind to feel, not be controlled,
not dull its tone, like oxen* most intractable
 who cannot find their way in fog, so heavy they.
 They think they're lightened but they plod like stone.

Like a disjointed factory
 where everybody flees to metal symmetries
and thinks the abstract jags are nature's real artifacts
this being stoned.
Illusion rules.
It leaves you gutted as a hole, you cynosure, alone.

**(Adam and Eve fell to slip away from nature's garden
into craving practical knowledge.
This meant the use of tools prevailed.
Those inventions, such as yokes for oxen
set to fit the plow, 4000 years ago in Sumer made--
changed us, hardened the earth against us. We would*

*progress upon upon a linear road out of the circle of the seasons
as the farm was left for the town's specialism..
May be, obvious to say-- the yoke's upon us all.)*

Ruins

These columns as smooth as moons
Rubbed down by ages
 fluted by ancient lathes
Prevented warriors from waging wars
 For here the Oracle declared
 against it.

These columns kept a granary behind,
which stored the wheat for hungry men
 and filled the hulls of ships
 which slipt upon the obstinate waves
as deft as terns
 for trade in olives.

And some were free and some were not
and though some prospered
 some grew weary of their lot
 letting all virtue drop for sake of riches.
 These ruined columns could not
 stop the end.

These castle moats kept raiders out.
The battlements of quarried fenestrae heard shouts
 from armor and the gong of catapults.
 The wattle huts and some of stone
 made shelter for the farming men
 who paid in tithes to castle lords.

Some men carved gold and tried to rise
 by dint of tapestries and bows
to get inside the castle walls.
 Some hired out as pages to a knight
eventually to curry fight, and win themselves
 the arms of noblemen and titled wealth.

The cost of life was not so dear. Some men stayed

serfs
and some were priests and kings.
Then clearly justice came upon that land by laws
But ever certain kingdoms wanting
more
did end in sand.

These huts were woven from the bark of birch.
Willow saplings bent for frames, perched
o'er the fire pit, wherein cooked corn and deer.
The bow and arrows fleet
hacked nothing down by swords
where each man had his own within the band.
And by necessity, honesty was near.

Though when the largest canons shot
These huts fell down, and death was bought
defenseless.

Sure ruin wins,
when specialists
make life itself a sin.

For weary from dissension's factions
the will within ceases action.
No one will care
to keep intruders from their share.

Li and Billy Override

Billy walked like the clack of a ball
unsprung from the hand.

He bounded and ran.

His black stand held a nerve;
a verve of an energy's curve.

He could talk like the horn of a saxophone
Blue.
But he knew that his future was limited here.

The ghetto a curious weir;
a gathering gate of bricks and of fates.
Not many jobs for the sons of the Veldt
Those singers of lions who would not be cogs.
The need to survive ate love up alive.

Li walked like a prayer.
The whispering night of his hair
Shared the petals of fish-skin with moons.

His family loved him. His brain grew with wonder.

He could make math and from it compute.
But what of the future
when specialized wires went mute?

This son of a wisdom
which made stars within, could thunder
like Billy, and Billy could contemplate too.

*(My ancestors came from
a place where the body
and soul worked as one. And work was the chase and
the hunt.)*

*(Once thought was not all of our job.
Town bureaucrats*

*took in the tax
but came from a niche
where fish
and rice planting fed us...)*

The Ghetto a curious weir
a gathering gate of bricks and of fates.
swim in and it's hard to swim back.

Some folks they're locked in by other.
Some folks are locked out by their brothers.
Some few build the weir
for themselves:

There are certain in town
Who know they are proud
They fence out-
And stay in their bounds.
They say they are better.
They put Billy down.
They call Li a name
you'd not want.

For these are the favored
Their choices are many
They own the gates
Which make others starve.
They, the Toll Keepers,
Set the entering fees
And say such is "fate."

Now if everyone knew
That everyone sorrowed
That time played them ill
and Survival could borrow
Despair,
Perhaps we'd tear down
The walls of the weir
We'd talk to each other
And fear disappear into care.

We could swim like the fish
In the waters of earth

Gather together to plant and to sing
We'd undo the bricks
Where bigotry clings
in its dirt

We'd share a new birth
Where the petal souls bell
to dwell with the seasons exposed.
Thus the fog and the snow and the merciful
deer
the famine of winter
the family cheer
the need in our scarceness
the need in travail
for strong, goodly males
for females to nurture the seed and the soul
we'd need not to count up our greed-
for we'd have our own.

we could know a true ease and be whole
teach each other our walking
and not close our doors to a world we'd not know.

Character

(an old metaphor revisited, albeit slightly mixed)

Know the face; its punctuation
cannot be erased.

Perceive the eyes;

(are they open as an illustrated brook
or do they seek to rook, looking away
for coverts?)

Parse the incise-ed letters of the cheeks.

Do they leap smooth
or are their etch marks time doth groove
upon their bones?

(Not youth nor age alone will
character sign.)

Twists the mouth and brow
punctuated into impatient frowns?
What is the grammar, seasoned, stippled
with experience which speaks the soul's designs?

Hath the burin's block engrav-ed choler
like a fist
though subtly hid beneath a smile pressed
to ink upon the visage?

Is the aspect
generous, an umbel printed to sip a love's respect?
or doth a wicked knife of lip cut up the print?

(Can the ears map music, chart your tears
or are they closed and leathery,
sewn to never read nor hear?)

The senses a calligraphy indent
within a face, collaged.
Sound, sight and sense, smell and taste--
abundance of these faculties connects
the walking toes to mind and deed;
a welling passion in the flesh

will yield ink, the spirit best to write its nibs therewith.

Ah beware,
though folios sometimes may hide
what acts reveal
the face will sentence one.

It is a reading of the truth
an unbound tract (or lair)
where sense will seal itself
like honor's vows
to bindings--
or motives cross to stain
unwary ones.

Read well. And chose to spell thy alphabets of friends
with care.

d0 POen litte illuminated manuscript
Caps with #°°°8 and letter

Illustr

27
~ knew

(C.S. Lewis)

Within the ordered
rhythmic chaos of the chessboard
where ritual interpretation runs
of two realms wars,

between the regulated
rise and move and minuet
of regal pieces courtly set,

triangulated shadows pierce,
down parquet squares are cast
on darker brown towards velvet palls

through long and though explored,
still unexpected corridors'
concealed halls
with muted tapestries 'pon stone-girt walls.

There, medieval maids meditate;
Awaiting their chance for matedness.

Bliss is not bliss
which preconception knows,
nor
premeditated states and bows.

Those of us who see the shows
and temper of those honed shadows
of a better day

Quietly await the court
of minstrels merry playing;
their rags to banners brightly swayed.

Guilt

I put the caterpillar in a jar.
His pin-sized mouth chaws at the lettuce.
His black fur curls, a barred porcel of a cat.
But something is he lacks--he mottles crusty
with white specks, tobacco blight.

Oh dear, take him to the back
and set him loose before it is too late.
His death would smack a guilt in me.

I snap the three-pronged twig, its crucifix.
How do the beating birds which sidle feathered
learn to in and out and graft the reeds
with spittle for a basket-nest?
A cup, perfection in my palm
as grailed as the bones in those
that glued these strands.

Then ask the branch forgiveness
as I break it off
to bring the curiosity
inside.
What guilt. I have done something wrong
Like DH Lawrence with his snake
some balance spilt, misguided.

Yet miles millions will gush out
paper from the forest thinned;
each year more costly, less
of heft.

Dead trees erode the soil.
The roots let go and earth
will shrivel and be waterless.

Germ-plenty moths for silk imported
stoke themselves on locusts stripped.
Fresh carrots languish sprayed,
While mutants play the corn.
Beeves die down, dioxin welds up to our fat.
We pay for poison to ingest.

As locuses for motion and our warmth
near scarcen to quench men, so ill-equipped
so o-er-equipped,
some are tipped inconsequence
like leavings in a vat.
Lo -- we rend not our breasts
oh well, it's just a man, there are so many more
our life is all import -- not yours.

(for Norman Mayer)

god speaks clearly
MX missiles voted down, but still those
“Dense Packs” bring destruction pounding
to the rim:
thousands of the warheads armed,
stacked and ready to attack.

Even as the votes went on
the city earth was turned around
by a man protesting shrouded
in the Washington Monument.
Dressed like death
within a hooded sack,
he pasted posters to his van.

They claimed he held the city hostage, as we are held
by weapons heartless, pointed, chilled
and even as the screen showed this
floods bashed through the midwest states.
Monster loosed his rubbling tail,
(as love’s made whore of at canals.
The preacher cert’s regaled on sons,
a legacy of poison
handed on.
A confluence of incidents.)
Creation weeps misunderstood.

Marshals aimed and
took his life. You can bet
The man was nuts, a threat
to every one who’s sane.
Yet, as it did turn out that dusk,
He had no weapons
in his mini-bus.

And even as the man lay dying
Spring had come where winter should
Flowers thought that they should bloom
Ice would curdle them tonight.
Fog stood in L.A. to blight
muffled houses, traffic lights.
People pulsed amoeba-like
December day, blotted in blight, by

Fog, acid as bathroom cleanser
cutting through car windows
thither.
Previews of the nearing future
when crowds and cars wasted the air

It spoke out apocalypse
warning us to stop, desist
before all land cemented fast.

Men unlamenting clawed to pay
at the jobs which set the bombs,
soldiers high and low to stay
the riots

Death for Profit

to survive
(jobs for armies and the spies)
“white is black and black is white,”
wasted earth in overdrive
revs the droning devilment

is a doom inevitable
from our raging heritage?

The Imperturbable Duck
(with apologies to "Make Way for Ducklings")

Once upon a time there was a duck. As a duckling it had been different from the rest. Instead of following after mummy with its five fluffy siblings, it would wander off to explore the marsh tussocks on its own. It tried to eat weeds when it was supposed to eat mollusks, and snails when it was supposed to eat glasswort. It tried to walk when it was supposed to fly, to fly when it was supposed to walk or swim. Its mother grew exasperated with this rebel, and though she loved him, figured he would not last long in the duck world.

As it molted from a downy creature into a young drake, it stood out, because it had been born as no other of his kind, in Calico markings, the wrong pattern. As a result the youngster found itself shunned. The mallards would play with the proper young mallards, the black ducks with the black ducks. Nonetheless it was a happy duck. It loved the affectionate times when it could explore and make friends with the turtles and rabbits and chickadees and other creatures.

It learned quickly about the sky and storms and counting ducks and the history of its tribe at duck school. But after a time, the school changed the focus from learning for its own sake, which the duck enjoyed, to getting it to go out and be part of a new world.

In the old world ducks learned at duck school to do practical things. They built their nests of reeds and rushes at lake edges, they ate wilderness food, however at this time, his ducks, the mallards, as well as some shovelers and pintails, had begun to reject this for a new way. Even as the Duck was growing up, learning with his mummy and then with his other siblings, the winter marshes were being built up and modernized to make life "simpler" by a coalition of progressive ducks.

It was suggested by the Coalition that life would be easier if Ducks adapted to the new ways of humans. Some mallards had done very well settling in parks and towns, in the lakes where people fed them. Some of the ducks were even considering getting "real" jobs.

The Duck and his people did not breed in the sparse broken-treed tundra of the far north as some of their cousins did. They were pretty local the year round, changing locales from sea to shore, from marsh to lake and stream bed according to the time of year and the weather, flying a few hundred miles from north to south. When the Duck had to leave the lovely summer liberty it was used to, to nose out of the freezing ponds to settle at the more protected, warmer winter marshes and swamps, its heart grew sad. He did not really want to go to a human city as many of his Mallards now did, nor live perpetually near one. He surely did not want to be like a human to waste his life on toothpaste and paper clips, exploiting the so-called less intelligent ones who had less learning and who worked at the bottom to make the Things, exploiting his friend the Earth and the Creatures he had met by taking advantage of Earth's passivity. He didn't want to use up earth, her creatures and gentle plant spirits for things; to mine into her and

pull apart the big rock people and take out the earth stuffing so as to make chemicals and objects. Duck did not want to waste its life as a smart specialist for insurance or computers or law or corporations running the people who make the Things, so they could buy the Things. It did not want to own the smart specialists who told the workers what to do. It did not want to live in a state where the state told the Ducks what to do for the better good of the state. It did not like the concept of God as it stood now amongst human beings, or of Work as it stood now, or of Industry, all the smoke and wastes lying heavy in the lungs and on the land. It even thought Humans had WAY too much information. Didn't they go blind pushing around all that stuff on the computers?

As he grew up he found that even his old friends the rabbits and turtles began to work for the Mallards, to get a paycheck to buy the food which the Mallards were gathering and paying other people to grow. Away from the ponds, over in the Winter Marsh, the Mallards stored all the cattails, acorns, mussels and pond weed they could, so the even the other ducks had to pay for them. They once had these things for free to eat by foraging. The Winter Marsh was changing quickly, being all built up, developed. Even the lake edge, the pond edge was showing bridges, buildings, offices.

Duck saw falsehood all about. In the new marshes he saw some animals without enough to eat, and working endlessly to get it. Not like the days of his youth, when there might be scarcities, and ducks would work hard tipping and dabbling to get enough food, and some mightn't get enough. Now there was too much of everything for some but not others. Indeed the Mallards, well they had way too much. The Mallards began to waste some of what they owned, turning it into cash and spending the cash. This made more Jobs in one part of the winter marsh, while at the same time, in another part, Jobs were lost at a factory the Mallards had developed and didn't want any more, and so sold to the Humans who closed it down.

The problem was that once the otters, mink, weasels, chipmunks, and other ducks sold their land to the Mallards, when they didn't have a Job anymore, they couldn't find their holes, dens, burrows, runs, downed hollow logs, hollow trees because they had been bulldozed over and built on.

(There were too many of everyone, all of a sudden. The Coalition had bought more and more land, convincing more and more ducks and animals that this was good. They did not have to threaten any by force; so many wanted to sell their land and goods for money. It seemed easy, comfortable. Better to live inside then have winter blowing at you.

But as soon as the Mammals organized and paid the animals to gather and farm the land for the production of food goods, as soon as the Industry grew up and there were dollars around, everyone started to breed and breed, because they needed more farmers and workers, because they thought the extra food, the new jobs and the supply of money would pay for these new creatures needs.

Not only the successful overbred, but the poor did too. The more the Winter Marsh used forests and fields of other places and threw the animals and birds off the land to cut up the trees and mine the lands, it seemed that under compression, pressure, the animals did more breeding to compensate in some way for living in a slum, for not living

on the land any more, to get back something they had lost. Yes, disenfranchised creatures overbred, Duck noticed, and everyone was disenfranchised when they no more had their own lands and lakes to go to for sustenance. And nothing killed them off, because hunting had been banned, and there was for the moment, all kinds of food and very little illness. When they had been autonomous as traders, like the Ants, or hunters like the wolves, or grazers like the deer, or builders like the beavers, or planters like the Squirrels, they didn't over-breed, because even with these special things they did, they all gathered their own food and made their own dens, and got their own warmth. In the old circle of life, where some ate the grasses and some ate some, if they failed, or were unlucky, the laws of nature would limit them.

A clerk in a store had shown him a toy spongy bunny. When he pressed it hard, it expanded into many little bunnies. It seemed like that. He knew rats under pressure of any kind, bred like crazy. He knew rats grew vicious when they were overcrowded; then they attacked each other, changed even their mating habits. He didn't figure Ducks would ever be like rats. Ducks never over populated before.)

He knew it would all come down around their heads when the Winter Marshes were used up and there were more people than there was food.

Everything seemed so out of kilter and confusing. He wanted to go back to the old, simpler, gentler ways. Even the Black Ducks, hold outs, were beginning to conform to Mallard ways. Since the duck thought everything was going out of order it rebelled. It saw itself as a cog in the wheel of progress in this edgeless world, no matter how much comfort, position, or joy with its loved ones it might be able to afford if it went to work for the Mallards. It was not enough, didn't feel right. So the Duck started to get into trouble. Other ducks avoided it, not only because it was Calico, but because it didn't like the way things were becoming. This made the other compliant ducks feel guilty, and have to question. They called it a trouble maker.

The Calico duck admired the sea ducks, the bay ducks, the diving deep ducks who did not feed near the surface like his own kind, but had more feathers for the chilly waters, and who went on luminous expeditions, flying to far Northern ponds in summer where the aloof loons still called out. There the sea ducks would breed. They returned to tidal estuaries in winter. They could be found on almost any body of water which was unexplored, covert and unpeopled. They didn't like the tame Mallards either. He wanted to have epic air and water voyages such as the sea ducks had to uncrowded lands of aromatic spruce, to outwaters where rocks knew how to speak with the oceans, and the incoming seaweedy surf made the rocks laugh.

While it finished growing up into the time when it would find its own territory and a mate, there was war on the lands not very far off.

It's father, who had grown closer to the Duck the older it had become, commiserating with the young duck's love of the old ways, flew off to this war and was killed. After the death, and the war, his mother grew weary and died soon after. Everything changed completely after the war. Everyone wanted a piece of the Mallard money. His sister, mostly estranged anyway, rattled against being a duck woman. She wanted to live in the new winter marsh and make-money and have a Self in the world.

It seemed to the Duck that traditional duck wife, or worldly wise duck or even prostitute duck, for there were those too, the whole of female duckdom was turning to Consuming Things faster and faster, as a way of life. They could go to work for the Mallards and buy with duck cash, a house ready made, and appliances too. He would marry a new Duckess, maybe an editor of a magazine which advertised in it to buy Things, or maybe a teacher of History as it applied to persuading everyone this new life was the Duck's Quack, or a duckess who worked at a shop selling too many clothes.

He himself would have to run a machine which hid information in its electronic passages, collating Thing's inventories, or some such. He would need to go to a college in order to Achieve a place in the world, and a high income to pay for his needs.

While the ducks had finished their growing up time, built their last sleeping forms in the summer nook of the world under the stars, they partied together. Some, making groups and pairs, flew off to the find the south and their own territories. Some chose to stay behind to permanently dwell in the new Winter Marsh city.

The Calico Duck was left behind, because no group asked him to join. He found himself amongst some old ducks who were too aged to make the flight.

He knew his fate was called Natural Selection. That because he was different, he was weaker in that he would probably fall prey more easily to something coyote-ish which liked to eat ducks. The duck was very sad and lonely, every inch a failure. He couldn't fit in the new world, and he had no one to be with in the old one.

He decided to give in, get his feathers painted (so he wouldn't look Calico anymore) go off to find other ducks in the new Winter cities. He shook the water out of his tail feathers, expanded his chest down as if he were courting and bill to breast, preened himself, feeling a bit better.

Then he flew to a Winter Marsh. Now the duck was a very hard worker after all, but for himself. He decided to invent something new, a way of building nests fast which would let ducks return to building their own nests and not paying rabbits to do it, and so getting into debt. Only this threatened the Mallards who ran the building department, for they got rich off many building permits, materials, and kick backs from the rabbits. The Mallards debunked Duck's self-made start. They sat around in their offices saying, "How can we take this to our own use?"

They took it all from him and used its parts to their benefit to sell for huge prices. The duck was now destitute.

He went to a place for destitute ducks, a shelter.

He bunked in with a painter turtle for awhile. The turtle loved to put colors on canvas. He said that since he couldn't live in the waters and woods any more, at least he could remember and celebrate them on canvas. The frustrating thing was though that he couldn't taste or smell on canvas. The Turtle said that even though he was an artist, the symphonies they went to listen to and the paintings they viewed did not do that much for him. He remembered when the animals danced together and made their own music. He remembered when the summer marsh was so beautiful that the imagination made better art than any he could put on a wall. He remembered the old world of visions and senses so acute they could hear and smell and see things forgotten now.

He told Duck that it upset him that even when he made currency off his paintings, which was hard to do, someone was somewhere doing something they really did not like very much in order to give him the light, heat, transportation his currency would buy him and which he needed to stay alive in this winter marsh against the cold, and to stay safe from the great trucks and switching electrical wires. The turtle was a philosopher, and it seemed immoral to him that some lived in the positive of success, but too many lay in the negative result, unhappy. Duck agreed. They both wondered how it happened so fast. Why nobody had seen it coming in the rush to live in a new fashionable, affluent way. They fell for it. Turtle said, maybe it was best not to think too much and just enjoy the now.

And now many were unhappy, except for the successful ones. But even the successful ones, he noticed, were short tempered. Nothing seemed to please them except more of whatever it was they thought they wanted for themselves. Duck didn't have much in common with them.

Now the Duck regretfully flew away from his turtle friend. Turtle was stuck and envied Duck his wings. They tried to make a harness under Duck's belly in which Turtle could be carried, but Duck could not then do a lift off. Regretfully he waved good-bye.

The Duck tried to remember to migrate on his own, without using something mechanical, some new device which cost him a fortune to get him there. He tried and succeeded in flying back to his old summer home. How it had changed!

Where the summer marsh had been pure with waters and full with pondweed foods, with a lovely alluvial edge gathering sedges and their edible roots, there were pavements and wheels and blocks and stores and ships and wares and garbage dumps chugging and chewing, and bulldozers clawing and pounding, and the air and water tasted awful! How his heart pained him at the sight and smell.

Nobody made anything anymore, not a nest in sight; nobody even foraged; everyone was the passive recipient of purchased artifacts; everyone went inside to get food. He never saw so many Things and so many kinds of Food! Ducks even wore clothes now!

Rising up again he became lost on his way to Africa where he had decided to go to get entirely away from everything here, hopefully back to something wild. He ended up in the biggest city of them all, in Rockefeller Center New York City at the skating rink. He was the only duck in the rink. He had to admit, it was a magical sight, all lights and Christmas trees and ice and big castle like buildings. It was like an illusion a duck shaman made. It was a magic. What was behind it's pretty facade?

He never saw so many people in his life, all who worked for money to buy what once the ducks at least could do all by themselves for themselves. And they also worked to buy luxuries galore, things which pleased them. They competed with each other person by person, family by family for these things. This was their life way. They said you couldn't change it or go backwards. This was the way it was. Everybody competed, everybody did their job so more jobs could be made, more people could have more things and more things could be sold and support more humans who could do more jobs and use up more and more to create more and more things to compete for sell and buy. They

loved it. Poor Duck, he just couldn't get into it.

Right now, he was hungry. He dabbed at the crumbs dropped on the rink. A pigeon flew down who told him there was a place in the Park where People came to feed Ducks like him. He flew there.

While he stayed in NYC, he saw hungry dark skinned people who lived in ugly places because they couldn't seem to get the high paying jobs the lighter skinned people got. He saw mink coated women and women with short hair haranguing like men, and men haranguing like women and men in suits who looked all the same, constricted. Everybody hated everybody, except they behaved in a most genial way on top of their hatred. Nobody helped anybody else because everything had a category: I can't help you, you're a rich capitalist. I can't help you, you're a poor radical. I can't help you, you don't believe the way I do, therefore you're bad. Everybody seemed out for themselves. Ducks hadn't bothered to "believe" in the past; they were too busy living and enjoying it. Nobody could love anymore because their whole time was spent surviving in this artificial world, which some, because of its lights and motion and aggressive energy, and "culture," called exciting. They were trying to make a name for themselves at any cost, or to make as much money as they could, fast--because everything cost so much, even having fun. And the more the things were used up, like the stores of food, or fuel, the more people had to pay during the shortages. When there were shortages people lost their jobs and then the government and political systems, which told everybody how to live when the churches (which worshipped their weird gods indoors) and the economic systems forgot to do it for a day or two, wouldn't even help the people who were homeless and hungry and out of it; just as he had observed in the Winter Marshes.

In the old days a man's name would be passed on from father to son and his deeds of greatness would be recounted slowly around the moon rise. This was different; massive rolling pins printed out words of fame which crumpled the next day in the streets. He tried to eat them.

He flew to Central Park for comfort from the greenness. He enjoyed the drama of the city but it was a kind of inside thing and he needed the green to remind him of his Duckness. A group of Blue Jays mugged him.

In the City he saw people steal from one another, gold chains, ideas, money, corporations. He saw one of his friend Turtle's paintings end up copped as an advertisement for chewing gum. Turtle would never have used it that way. He wondered if Turtle had even been paid because another name was on the painting. Duck grew lonelier and lonelier and more and more destitute, reliant on the handouts from the People. For the first time in his life, he lost his fluffy, innocent Enjoyment.

The whole world, ducks and people, were in a pattern, like traffic over the bridges. He could not find anyone different. Some of his old duck acquaintances passed over the Park in spring, migrating. But it was not so much a real migration as it was a vacation from the New Winter Marsh. Seldom was there a need to migrate for the heat which burned on pieces of the earth, and the cold which froze pieces could be changed by devices selling heat and cool as needed, to turn winter to summer, or summer to fall. The Winter Marsh, they told him, was all enclosed now in glass buildings with the

temperature regulated.

He spoke to one of the vacation bound ducks who told him to see a duck psychiatrist. I feel unfree and unholy here in the new marshes the Duck said. Everything inside one locale, everything dependent on Things. I can't get a Job. I don't fit. . I wasn't that good at school; I am better at foraging then at counting the seeds.

He found the duck psychiatrist to be like the cameramen for the printed fame sheets, detached. The news cameramen types would see two people murdering each other, but would not interfere--although they might try to interfere by manipulating their point of view. The doctor, an old black duck from the midwest, told him he must conform; that he must do what everyone else did to be "fulfilled." He said sex and money and power were the real motivations. That even the hold out, backwards black ducks had finally acquiesced to the new realities. That you couldn't go backwards (how many times had the Duck heard it)--that was the way the world was. Period. That it meant Duck hadn't been loved by his mother and was jealous of his father and siblings if he would continue to rebel against authority. Accept corporate life, destroy your absurd ideas abruptly; work as a clerk, at a hamburger joint, anything; get your apartment and credit card, and auto. You'll be much happier. The Doctor Duck labeled the Calico Duck "anti-social" on his chart and stuck it in the files of the Central Computer.

The duck finally found his way back to the Winter Marsh by following a rich duck family on its way back from vacation. The Mallard Coalition controlled everything. Members of it owned the electric plants, the car factories, the media, and most of the real estate. The Coalition controlled whether you got a job or not, got money from the bank or not. They had the Calico Duck on a list as a trouble maker after the Doctor sent his name in. So it was really hard for him to get work. He had to admit it was boring not doing anything.

Finally the Duck got a job in a store, selling Goods. He was inside all day with strangers, selling some objects which were pretty and enticing, such as earthenware pottery, flowery sheets, thin polyester-knit clingy dresses, and biscuits and beads and health foods. He went home at night to television. The few friends he made at work and he had little in common. It seemed the money he made went right away in paying his mortgage (he had made a down payment on a tiny house in the suburbs), in paying for his automobile, in paying for his personal computer, and his TV and VCR, the electricity and water, his cell phone, the gas for the car, and his insurance policy. He wondered how he would ever support a family; all he would have is debt. That wouldn't be much fun. He would resent working quadruply hard; he might take it out on his family. He would only get to really see them on vacation, and then they would try to get to the kind of wilderness place he grew up in for a week or two, be reminded of how wonderful it was--stay at a hotel with other people recovering from the world--and then return to it.

He began to like some of the music, and films and books and paintings and pretty clothes of the Winter Marsh world, since he didn't have Nature any more, but he didn't think they were worth all the trouble. He began to think that maybe it was better being bored than working. He missed the fun he had "working" in the summer marshes,

foraging, helping nest build, preening, molting, migrating, real labor, the means of which he owned.

He dated a Duckess who only wanted to spend his money. She had a job as a retail store manager. Her greatest pleasure was shopping. She took the Duck with her to every store and made him buy things for her. Sometimes she would go back to the stores over and over again to figure out which vase or sweater she liked the best, as if these objects held the power of a fetish in the past (a duck stone, a round black stone, found under the lightning and holding spirit power). When she wasn't working or shopping she watched TV or went to the movies and talked about the "stars" in them.

It seemed the more the Winter Marshes consolidated the animals' goods, the more he found when he flew about, that other ducks and rabbits not in the Winter Marsh but put to work for it in some way, were not making ends meet. It seemed harder and harder to just be happily middlingly prosperous for most of the world, as the resources of the summer marshes were used up and transferred to the Winter Marshes. It seemed the more this kind of world went on the less it knew how to use earth, living things, even Time, very well.

It was so confusing. On the old Summer grounds, ducks at least didn't have to use grasshoppers and moths in a kind of slave labor to make them fabric for a beautiful blouse. They could barter with them instead. And grasshoppers had grass so they didn't have to buy food, they had enough to eat. As a responsible organism on the planet, he felt it was his duty not to hurt or use up anything unnecessarily. He just would rather live a life which was not so indoors and passive, so dedicated to selling everything in every way, which did not, for its own gain in prizes seem to harm something or someone somewhere else. Turtle had been right.

His conscience wanted money from taxes to go to helping people fulfill their new needs. He thought if organisms went back to the old ways, lived more harmoniously with their immediate needs from earth, they would not think they had endless supplies, and use up everything.

It all seemed to be the fault of this new civilization. Civilization pushed everything out of balance for the sake of ease. It was greedy for ease. The "owned" wanted to have ease, and the release from their drudgery by entertainment; the owners wanted more art, more houses, more jewels, more cars, more money, more trips, more fame; the higher the class the ducks were, the more they wanted to assuage their egos and BE somebody.

More and more animals were thrown off the summer lands further and further away by the Coalition of Mallards. This time the Coalition used force.

The lands would be turned into goods, mined, cut and used to manufacture things. Then the animals with no place to get their food and shelter any more must of needs work for the Coalition at factory jobs.

Those who weren't taking jobs before, now, because of the dire need to feed their families which the Coalition created by displacing them, willingly left their lands to come to the Job Marshes. The others were still enticed by ads of goods, glamorous, fast, noisy and glittering. The Mallards said: Everyone wants jobs and moneys and we make it

happen. The people wanted ease, luxuries, things to buy which they saw on TV, in the ads, in the stores. They wanted to passively use and buy, not realizing what their comforts, arts and luxuries cost the earth and the creatures, not seeing or caring. Or if they did, having to live the new way because there was no Choice.

Once the creatures left the land willingly, or were thrown off, they were trapped; they couldn't go back even if they wanted. What amazed him was that so many of those the Coalition controlled, liked to be controlled; they wanted what the Coalition had to offer.

In order to manufacture cityish treats, the Mallards used up more and more of the country wherever they could. Only a few objected. The Beavers said, we are not using you, we don't want to be part of your world so why must you turn our water into power and our woods into objects to fulfill your needs? Leave us something. We do not want to end up stuffed in your museums with dioramas to our old, quaint, outmoded lifestyles. We want to continue to live the way our forefathers have lived.

He read about the Beaver Rebellion in the newspapers. The Beavers had formed armies, gnawing down trees in strategic places to block roads on which trucks came to cut trees for the newspapers; gnawing them down in front of hydro-electric dams and nuclear power plants; gnawing them to block highways and trucks and rail trains. Every where they gnawed and blocked, gnawed and blocked. "Terrorist Beaver Attack Again," the headlines read to Duck's secret satisfaction. Reactionaries!

Beavers had finally been thrown off their woods and ponds because the Coalition bought these areas with the help of the governments whose officials wanted a hunk of graft. The Beavers were now forced by need to work for the Mallards. Many of them swam into the sea and drowned. After they threw the Beavers off and used up their woods and spoiled their waters, the Mallards in that vicinity who had gotten rich had nothing left to get rich off; they fired the manufacturer workers and the other people who did jobs for them and the other animals (the beavers no longer amongst them) rioted against the rich Mallards who fled with their gold to where they could throw more creatures of the land and then hire them cheap to make blouses and cars and so on. They directed all this movement with their computer geniuses: Mallards in glasses and baggy tee shirts.

All over the Globe, the Mallard Coalition joined hands to throw people off the land and get their raw materials and make them manufacture them or plant them or graze them. All over the world the rabbits and snakes and sparrows and squirrels willingly went to work for the Mallards because they thought they could have a "better life" by having more TVs, VCRs, Cars, books, "information," things which hung on walls, and things which moved on screens and new chemically synthesized things to eat and drink.

The Calico Duck was sadder then ever. He knew there must be a way for him. He didn't want to be unhealthy, which the Duck Doctor had said he was, but to him the world he saw was ill, not himself.

Duck had a great burst of depressing nostalgia.

So many had forsaken the lakes, forgotten their feet to paddle, their wings to fly,

their eyes to see into the heart of colors and know the mood of things.

No one had the time for, or inclination, to enjoy the sounds of the air, the open demands of the skies; few ducks even bobbed up and down on the open waters anymore, tucked into their own feathers.

These days you couldn't even hear the Catbird recite the history of the universe anymore, nor hear the insects make their trance symphonies.

Some talked about everything being controlled by the psyche, others by market forces. Some wanted to redistribute what industry made, others wanted "free" enterprise; still others thought God was the answer and problems of worldly suffering were unimportant in Its scheme.

Ducks scratched his wings with his webbed feet. He didn't get it. "I'm just a stupid Duck," he said to himself.

The Duck decided he would fly back to his place of birth. On his old peninsula, he grieved. He ate very little, wasting away. He felt so left out.

As he was dreaming under an alert, lacy alder, in a conservation area left with a few of the old trees he loved (the Mallards were busy buying up little ghettos of land which were pretty and were not being used for subsistence in the old ways, for "conservation")--he heard a rabbit snuffling near him. The rabbit nuzzled him. Lepi! I remember you! I remember you, too Cal, said the Rabbit. It's really tough for you ducks these days. We rebel rabbits still have our old ways, left over from Watership Down. The others have sold out. Come with me.

A robin was singing at them, over and over from the top of a tree. The Duck followed the Rabbit to the modest and unobtrusive robin.

The robin flew the Duck many miles and when they landed, they were in an area which had no houses or even machines. It was soo quiet. He had forgotten what quiet could be like. It was greener than green here. The water was clearer than water. Everything smelled good, like pine resin and bayberry, like honeysuckle and rich, damp pine earth; no mechanical fumes, and the air itself was magical and silky on his feathers. The robin said-You have been alone a long time and hurting. Now stay here if you will and you can be safe.

"There's plenty to eat. Welcome to the Underground," a big, scruffy old Beaver greeted him. Standing on his haunches the beaver pointed down the way through the grassy meadow in the forest clearing. "Look."

The Duck saw a huge wall of logs.

"So far nobody knows we are here. The forest cover is dense so they cannot see us from the air; and if they come up the path we will give them a good fight from our bulwarks." Duck couldn't want to cross this beaver; he looked as mean in the tooth as some woodchucks he had seen, who when they were old, took to the woods to live alone.

Duck was in heaven. He swam on a barely iced winter lake with no signs of buildings or roads! Scaup with blue tinges around their snub nosed beaks paddled in circles. Petite green winged teal concealed themselves at the edges. Fearless hooded

mergansers with russet and black and white markings swam near ambitious, aggressively diving red breasted mergansers.

Running on water and rising up with the wind curving under his wings, he viewed the green fir forest and blue lake colors beneath him; slanting downwards on a wind, their hues and overtones separated out like blue and green flames, revealing the essential inner spirit of their breath. The lake engulfed his heart with its incandescent spirals of scaled waters. The pines flared. He dove. Underwater, the stripes and speckles, blues, silvers, purples of the fish chafed and diffused, circling like cabochons. Pink gem, pink glass waters condensed and expanded.

Gulping a minnow from the subsurface loops of silver and gold liquid, nipping naiads, nymphs, fierce looking horned and spiked larvae of insects growing at edges in pondweeds, cracking opalescent mussels, he dabbled down. There was a white tear drop on the golden eye diving past him downwards to the mud with the coal coots with their chalk white bills; there the red feet of black ducks rushing upwards with their silver wings. He walked ashore onto the beach edge where otter left his tracks with his family to mingle with the light scent of deer amongst the humus, mingle with their delicate earth spirit, looking at them in the shadows of the swamp bushes with their shiny red berries.

With a run of feet and a rush of wings he tilted with the echoing seeps of golden stars, the lilac and pink threads of dusky clouds.

He could swim slowly on the slick water, watching a wake feather out behind; could be surface and depth, water and air and earth.

He was a creature of the lake with the otters and beavers and fish, a creature of the land at the level of the hooves of deer looking up, a creature of the air, flying up under the eagles.

He began to feel really happy, relieved. Himself. It was quiet. NO machines and engines and televisions. He could hear the delicate music of winds and trees, grasses and nibblings. Rabbits and chickadees came by to tell him stories.

Now after awhile in this place, he wanted to nest with someone, but it seemed he was the only Mallard duck here. Just as well. He wouldn't want to pass on his Calico genes and all the problems they entailed to little ducklets. Even so, he smiled thinking of fluffy little tikes.

Then one day he saw-- another duck! And this duck also was a Calico Duck! It was a female, and she appeared to be very unhappy. She barely dabbled down for insects. Her feathers were frayed and unglossy, as if she had not bothered to preen at all after her last molt.

She had been very beautiful, the Rabbits told him. They said that certain drakes had desired her for this, but not loved her. They could not love a Calico Duck. She had loved those drakes in whom she sensed there was pain, hoping her own understanding of it could soothe it, but unfortunately that very pain had made the drakes want to hurt. She thought it would be nice to have peace and honesty and time. They were all in pain because they wanted so very much to make it in the new Winter Marsh. They had lost their tranquility. And to them she was never good enough bad enough rich enough poor

enough average enough whore enough lady enough success enough failure enough independent enough dependent enough.

She had come to the back knoll here in the Underground to die. The edges of her sensitivity which had let her see through the way things were, lay dulled. Even though it was so luminous here, she could barely appreciate it. Why see through a way of life you consider basically hateful, fraudulent, hypocritical--just remain dull-edged, round out like everyone else, don't try to learn anything on your own, just get in there, learn what they teach you, do what they want you to do, this "society". Play the game. Do everything for the sake of expedience; get by, and learn to like it. This defeat of her individualism, more than anything else perhaps, had made her take to the woods to starve.

Only it was hard to starve where there was so much food. She had to remember how to swim, use her feet to dive, her bill to forage, and which foods were good to eat.

The Duck started to talk her. He even asked her to marry him. She had had so much discomfort in her life from rejections that she tended to be loving one minute and mistrusting the next; lazy one minute, able to fly and nest another.

Duck knew he would have to cure her first; to let her relearn that pleasure would not be punished and taken away from her. He would have to help her to forage and fly and preen better than she did, for she was more a victim of the new ways than he and had truly forgotten more of Duck ways than he. In time she would trust again, and be consistent then in action. It would take more courage to work to make their own lives in their own way, than to go back to the winter marsh as a cog for the Coalition, either employed or unemployed.

So he told her of how he had come from another planet to visit this one.

On his planet people lived in the Green, in the old ways. They had some advancements but the community tried to use them in common. This planet Earth had been a surprise, because he had seen people loving to despise one another, trying to be superior in race or color or religion, with something called prejudice. Trying to be richer or better by "class." There was a beautiful house, but the water running into it was tainted. There was a group of children but one's parents thought the others less good for some reason of economics, ancestry or skin tone.

This planet held fraud, and promise too.

He took her through the patterns of man. The reason man was so important was because he more or less ran the planet, along now with the Mallard Coalition. So he showed her that even she was the outcome of History of this planet, the selections of Men and Mallards. He said that her own soul also had power. Somehow she saw and in seeing, started to choose. And at least, by his allegory, he had made her laugh, and that was good medicine. She began to trust him a little bit.

The Duckess was nearly happy again. She ate the pond plant seeds and mussels and snails. She snuggled into the drier marsh reeds. The rabbits came by and told her stories about the Calico Duck.

The Duck Doctor flew by to tell the Calico Drake that he was crazy to bother with the Duckess; that she would never change, that it was some sickness in him to choose someone who had been cast out by natural selection as he himself had been. Why

compound the matter? Go back to the winter marsh and marry a rich Mallard. Forget this misfit. But the Duck had faith. Every day he prayed to the spirits of the natural world to cure her.

One day she woke up with a smile and a hearty quack. He had thought they would never have any love together, just friendship--although that was good and he was happy for it--and here they were married! They flew together to find the success they thought they never would have had. They lived in the colors of the twilight and dawn and day; they ate of the arrowhead tubers. They slept in the woods by a special Otter lake where a southerly breeze often played.

The robins came to show them a magic window. The rest of the world had clogged up in smoke, and some of it was in ashes from war. Everything had been used up; prices had gotten higher and the poor, poorer--and everyone had become indentured in a sense to those who owned the basic needs--who got richer and richer and who had, because of the computer's help coalesced (even as the Rebels in the New Beaver Underground had used the computer to decentralize their grip.) The whole world had taken prescription drugs, and practiced promiscuity, and watched television to ease the pain of a planet's failure.

Through the magic window, Duck saw that trillions of dollars had been used by governments for defense to build bombs, during this time of conflict until the inhabitants were sucked dry for they were taxed to do make these bombs so less and less money was used to take care of people who could not fend for themselves, or to make them healthy, or to teach them the skills they needed in their schools, or anything really nice and useful.

What was truly pathetic was that beings had not realized they had timber, stones, vegetables, animals within the earth and could use these to provide for themselves. They had cut down so many forests, they could not even have wood for their fire places.

He remembered the Duck Doctor saying how wonderful it was that humans no longer hunted Ducks. Yet through the magic window he saw ducks saying they would be happy to sacrifice themselves to humans if they, and the Coalition, went back to the old ways. Without money to buy the needs, as the war continued and the scraps were used up and the Winter Marsh went to chaos, ducks became confused and lost.

Duck saw the corpses of other of his winter-marsh mates dispersed like seeds. Poor Turtle was one, shodding along to find the Underground but was run over by a bull dozer as the pieces of the new Winter Marsh were disassembled. Ducks who had forgotten how to forage and find shelter, died first. They had been dispatched with by a world which had been increasingly driven, by its lack of control, towards the ultimate control over other's lives and the ambitious self, in hatred and murder. When everything in one country was used up, there had been war with another country for those things. Animals had died like storms coming down, when it had all burst. The Mallards corpses were unseen. They had the first to flee. No one was sure where they went.

The robin told the ducks they were two of the only Mallard ducks left in the whole world, in this relict.

One by one creatures who were refugees from the old, damaged, dysfunctional

Winter Marshes found the safe place. The winter marsh had scorched and made ash of their senses, their living equipment. The Underground helped teach the refugees about barter, taught them how to hunt and forage again; how to use their vitality, how to build nests, swim and fly again. It was amazing; they said could see colors intensely once more, shades of green, and red hues of shrimp; blue currents in the sky denoting wind directions; they could hear every nuance of frogs and crickets. (Some of the insects such as the aphids and the mayflies had held out through the Coalition, too insignificant and short-lived for the Mallards to bother with seducing, enticing, entrapping.) They could smell leaves turning color, the rich earth after rain growing; they could hear the stealthiest approach. They felt revived!

A few last sad Mallards which drifted in to the safe place would teach the animals some of the new technical skills, this time to be used in smaller ways. However, everyone was encouraged to go out into the world with nothing but themselves to find survival, beauty, vision; this gave them the power to love and to endure.

For the weak humans who came in (humans had always been weak which is why they were so full of pomp and bravado and ferocity) they could generate some electricity if they had to have it, but in local unharmed ways, create some transportation for those who could not fly or swim, which ran on the sun or wind or sails or water.

The few computers which were left were used to communicate with the decentralized animals in bands around the world, sometimes in scary confusion. Their electric sheen added light to the dank of distance and made everyone feel closer. Then the humans would council to decide what they needed to craft, and the best, safest way, so they wouldn't make the same problems all over again.


The two Calico Ducks had each other. They built their beds of nests, taught their own furry fledglings, and had enough from providing for themselves to be able to live easily without mistreating others for the sake of their selfish wants. They took many trips to explore the remaking world.



They were very old. The more they had loved, the more their souls had become each other's, and each opened to his own surprise to give forth their personal visions.


They had found by going their own ways, a true expression of self and of selflessness, together in closeness. They inhaled the aliveness of everything and gave it forth somehow remade to those around them--and one day, they died together. They had been two of the only ducks in the Modern Age to have been truly happy. They had had satisfaction in life.

You might have seen them tilting from side to side as they walked; one in back of the other; stretching their necks in the late afternoon; first to the East, then to the West, then to the north and South. Or swimming legs unseen, through the waters; special beings of earth, water and air.

Duck illustrs.
like a cartoon

1)  + siblings in
marsh

2)  Duck looks
at calico self
other siblings tower 

3) Duck
wakes
out of marsh
looking
at cutter 



4) Duck in biz suit
carry attache case
in street w. hundreds
of other ducks.

4a) Duck
w. building
departures
Ducks
looking at his plans.

5) at home again
Duck in marsh
unhappy sees
it suit up 

6) Duck nudged
by rabbit.

7) Duck alone in special place

8) Duck meets
female - other calico Duck!

9) Duck restores old way -
eg. show
building need after
in dark pond

10) Ducks in pairs
fly over
animal friends smiling
at each other.

(59)

SIX

Age

reemerging from the Twins to the east (reemerging with sunlight at the east
in a new learning a new time of the hares)
and going to the south
Emerge into the warmth of the southern circle

This was at the sea. We were at the sea again.
I dreamt it. At the southwest.

Wisdom is here.

Returning to Kishtannit/Keeazhean
The old sea is the creation force
at the southwest
he lives with his son Manabohzo

I have remembered what my hands and body do.

Escutcheons:
Grannies in Glass.

Your paperweight with Dragonfly's a Bachrach
blown with inlaid petalled wings
much like the real thing
which opal-ballet-pointing flitters, clings,
investigates your summer skin;
(good luck in its coincidence for Indians).
Two orphaned turquoise pinhead eyes
apprise within the baffled dome
a craftsman's test.

My Sandwich vase, a candy stripe
for barber shops, the best example of its type,
rock candy handle
on peppermint pink and white: what's left
of quiet harbors of her home.

So here somehow encased in glass
under pressured plate
above ribboned base,
a little of their souls may rest

What different lives they each had held:

The Vase, shelved in a vestibule
on hutches of smooth knotty pine
where rubied goblets no longer used,
drank frosted windows' tulips grooved
and tooled.
(To tap the panes would echo chimes.)

On th'escritoire with beige kid top
the Weight took in the summer shafts
of messages 'pon invites past
penned in a perfect hand,
saw gardeners preen over estates with pruning clips,
washed rug-like lawns
While Vase had seen her troweling at the cozy fence,
watering twilight roses' coral-peach
to a templed grace and odor peaked.

Sometimes when she would knit
she'd lift her mouth and brow a bit, awry

missing her husband who had died
so young. She'd sound an ah, a little like a cry,
a yawn.

Both (owners) had "loved and lost and bled,"
Won wedding troths, desire sighed.
Won births and stronger circletted with mates
and young

Saw fate take o'er to shatter gatherings
and plans,
(Some goals prevail), and trial hang\
'tween will and god
like sand and water, bubbling from the
blower's rod.

(The real plan p'raps unrevealed
as the viscous through the tube
and coated with our mortal rubied
acts and shapes
which this, our feeling, colors with importances.)

So what of us, when life is shaken, gone?
When love was lost, the dead were dead so
long before their times.
And we, what of our awe-filled primes
When what is left is pressed in glass?:

the motive tear-shaped spot
within the bubbled bulge
or on the page, reflected from the dome:
white flat triangulated windows
bleach the print.

Some mote there trembles in the globes
(like blown glass on the speckled tome)
of bottles and of paper weights
Someday to break to pricks and soot
without a glance--
beneath a passing unsuspecting foot
of chance.

That Which Blows Glass

The cabochon flame
is chambered like a forger in a hopper.
The long wand glimmers. Gaffer
blows.

The marver rolls; the marbled bubble-
spreads.

Oxides, copper, antimony threads
applied by tongs,
millefiori fused.

Then to the mold to cool.
The same fluxion's in the Eye
as in the globe, stabilized.

Nokomis

Mother's asian hair argillite foil
and mica
like a cat's caul
I snuggle in its rolls
my fingers to a toilless sleep (close)

love can break like the bloodroot, balked;
the white wax seal cut
the emblem of the dream, two crosses' daggers,
the blood at the stem turn white
in fright, and choke the staggered stalk

on the swamp the reeds cotton up with wings
the rue anemone shook in the woods
the white-edged petal, diamond-clear
thinned as by the hardest stone.

she is near. the basket if her dreams
a villain turned.

she is the garden where the roses
kneel together for the arbored climb
some sacred waft, the fragranced different smoke
a basket woven like a nest
from tragic purple grass,
an indian rite where siouxan owls
leave one feather white for frosting moons;
th' Apache uncle and the niece who wandered
to restore the maddened warrior's sight

(all cultures have their Heracles
this is all man)

(at least within the eye of this
poor planet's turquoise moil---
what we in the corneas of moons in swirl do find
an onyx green
in blue and green)

she walked as Maximillian did past
gown-ed chiefs who wore their visions proud
as roaches brushed upon the crown
their noses shone with cartilage
which breathes all suns

and blanketed women carnage moaned about
e'en
before machines had come to tire earth

(We will not learn till she is broken-breasted
and the marshcup will not counteract the cuts
with yellow sun in artery dyes,
its anodyne carried potent as the archer flies;
till the arms which bear the owl
hang unleafed
till the endless as we thought
salt ocean gives no sperm
till the beach is fused to purple glass
and obscene bubbles glut themselves
on the last tar veins of streets

till the boxes with their roofs sag in deceit--
there's no one home
to whom they will await, no cries at fences
of a skinscraped knee
no rollers skating up the olive night
no children raising arms to wrestle for their
tokened love
no languishing for all romance between
the comforting breasts and flatted chests' embrace
no venture to explore the midnight breathing
of the bellied fire. no thing
but things with tubes upon the planet named as earth.)

my mother buddhaed at the banks of time
in youth, senescent (as the poets say)
she gave away all things
the brown eyes took all races to their hearts
for she was africa in rhythmmed hip
(is continent)
is asia at the gaff rigged junk
where bamboo ups a dripping coast
where fish (flat drop-held needles)
guess at rock
for nothing
but the sense of seas beneath the hull
(no opium)
and she knew plains when plains bore red
the birth of worlds which reddened earth for good.
and she was never pale
save as the skin would spin from eve to

pearl to painted clay to pottery, to day
and break upon the earth that subtle other side of sun
 which echoes out life's silk
in webbed excesses of a dew
 no stronger than a spirit's voiceless shout

and she knew more than men of all their ways perhaps
yet had no parchment scribbled with cartouches
of their grade
she would not make their grade, for she, steeper
 inclined
 and could divine the universe
for she had birthed, and knew the milky essence
 in its eights, which clapped out arctic spectrums
 in their diamond pierce--
a spectral radiance, expanding in the eye the flint
of life.

(Tempter)

Adam and Eve

neither damned nor evil said
surely those pastures' pickets caught us, our fancy;
the long gowns, the veils' surge
satin ties and arrows, bows, tapestries
and need.

over a mosaiced and enameled city filled with
deep canals

Mother Venice, cross-purposed as her goblet, checked
her drink. The Doge's floor under its marble ramparts
caressed the bottom of her feet.

Glassblower

into riptides, the outpull and return, sidling
of waves, the plaided crossing of the wave edge
pilled

had been grailed in her glass, been set.

Yea caught in a mere glass, how great
was that creator's art

constant in a cup
which rotated faces verged to ground
and spilled them out, the blur of burgundy
at base--

the secret of the Creator's art,
and this chalice, tragic tuned perhaps
those limits set in craft,
(the craft which drafts us all

for songs, our hearts won out by talent in
the maker's hand).

But further from the bowl which held the bread,
further towards the wine we fled to craft
and were encrystalled in our layered cities'
glasses.

Thus studded, she discolored, all did then;

the phantom color fathered shades of
fear, the victim stem clung dearly
to the shelves

no more the welded hemisphere of day to night
broad blown
but shards would sliver.

As he built goblets, she collected woes
to fill their bowls

and too contained by glass, the liquid's pressure
burst from what they owed

quiddity off course solidified
Medea's power to enrage,
picking at enamel on the flowers' frieze
throwing cups of terraces

even so, her heart could take the chalice
to the swarthy trees and pass white dynasties
and emperors'
cruelties, toward the misted harmonies
the time when we were fraught with good
for thus we could derive
a grace; no hardihood encased in codes
but need

And the fleet Hare molts white as willow
frozen to the snare, and the pipe
blew out its fog
four legged innocence and Flint
and hickory and yew stalk, broken
splints of words

if the machine comes to free us from containment
if we are at last broken from its bladder by hero
and it makes us plucked apples and caught fish
hooked, and lets us glory in the melted strands
of ingot dusk and the quiet faces' union
in the bottomed secret soils
then too, all love will fire the warming
all travail hath fair bounty in its strain

he shall pull the bow back yet.
the gabled peaks ring under the sycamores
the dusty seines decompose to smoke
and memories--
and the knights of valor and the braids
the braids for which he proved himself at arms
the stone sting,
the pillars and the priestesses with robes
about their loins, shall bring him down the hall
back past the bulb and lantern to the first flame
clept from Flint--
no more warrior nor warden here, but yet daring
from a love to seize a certain flesh of life

in frames, but not be set to it;
to sit with families in death or pain
and solace bring with chanting barking rains
to worship joy, as if it were a paradise itself
and know not pain alone, but its close kin, the Beautiful--
the thing
 which moves as large as tears flexing
a cornered sun

Aria Da Capa

I
the clear day is a goblet
pouring fugitive air clear as the jungle's waterfalls.
the wool becomes itself
as the fingers twist well. the far walking through
the lindens is a harvest. The farm clucks. The wool is drawn
into stockinettes of wine and squash and evergreen.
He runs the pasture to feel his prowess.
Her primalcy calls to him; shades. Sweet process. She bakes
the sweater with her needles, draws happy chuckling water from the well by
basket wood.
The Knight knows the Dragon: St. George won;
The vanquishing shield for Medusas.

Better to grow up with the application
to the goblet of the seasons' own dyes, cold glass, warm wine, ferment
and yield. The tenor at the lyre. The carillon in tune
with faceted glass the windows. The highwalled clapboard and the musky
sycamore. His white shirt, proper, furs in the
northwest, the out-buildings in the east, a study; all have pottery
men contain female-nature/then recreate
lustly union strong as fields. The scent of Halloween upon the eve.
Rusted wisteria. All is living.
The dark rut of sleds.
The holding hands and putting up of tents.

Then even the turreted saxaphones
the deep wounds of streets, the quicksand-poverty amongst
the ratted stone stoops stops

too bad to be controlled, to kneel at
necessity alone
to live for stacks
to bad to gather information in binaries
when the electric heart sucks heat out of the flesh
and the mind forgets to learn.

Too bad the loss of Lasting
for a gadget burning

but perhaps even as we feast Apollo and long
to restore the hero to his perfect being, the bag will be broken
the healing rite performed, the profile look back blooded
to life

like a bow in motion
expand vibrate contract release

Perhaps automates will lift apples
off the boughs and give us all enough rerouted
parsecs to see the lake
to understand of physics and the coil of the universe
the god at back
of scales, to listen to the shudder
of the bloodroot bolt

but in bounty of chase, where we own our own
or in tribal corn gathering giving, or in aboriginal rain hunt wet
against the waiting, or in travail named by other hours
some need to unify the symbols and the joys
the trial
will exist, bringing us in common to a love, a warm wool spun
from the sun-lamb, housled to nibble time from the springsplashes
in the valleyed judiciousness qualified; eat indehiscent utricles
and pursue
the next covered view.

Illustration

Tourmaline

SEVEN

and the Soul

Passes to the western door and returns to the north
for
rebirth through the dark time of the year when the dream
tells its story,
the women birth time where there is no sun nor moon from the
northwest to the northeast..
into the light time of year where the sun and moon are seen
in their half circle, the male time of regenerative force
wherein the women plant their seed and no sacred tale may be
told,
and the scent of green widens our eyes.

the giant hero is here
a new teacher comes

Otter and Wolf say:

the Soul reemerges
in a new epoch

We have built our house
We have shot our meat
We have gathered our garden
And now we sleep.

Prayer

god was born in the northwest
Cowichan lake/ big bulky sweated/ crude with designs
from dogsheep
of life's textures, four-legs, essenced fog and rainrock

pipd to patterns

soul emerges birth brash mankind rivalry fights
maturation sea beach green river cold twosides of all
and more, pipe hollow trees walk woods and know

the tossing makeshift wonder
of all planets' livingness
in atom and in leaf
or other forms and spectrums we
know not
all man is black and red, yellow, brown and else
as brutal schist buttes mix

the earth is a ripe apple
burdened with fruit
bending the bough
like buoyant roses and ripe plums
To lose innocence is to lose the earth
so the plough in eden's apple meant

Keep the woods in our heart always, child-strong
male, hero-protector; child-strong female, health-
sensitive to death-woe, passioning in the deep springing
of soil muscles at edges,
golden-grassed watching walking embracing (speculate)
sharing the close
motion, open, unashamed, proud
keen. drawn closed the tent over us; we surrounded are
by speculums
oblivious to one's own pain, convert it or a disappointment
or anger to a strength, under through with, the rhythms of living
earths; weakness to a gentleness
feathered
sunshed with a different grace solitude perception
of time kneeling in the virid peacock hillocks private
and of stars' salt

Let the spirit of love pour through us

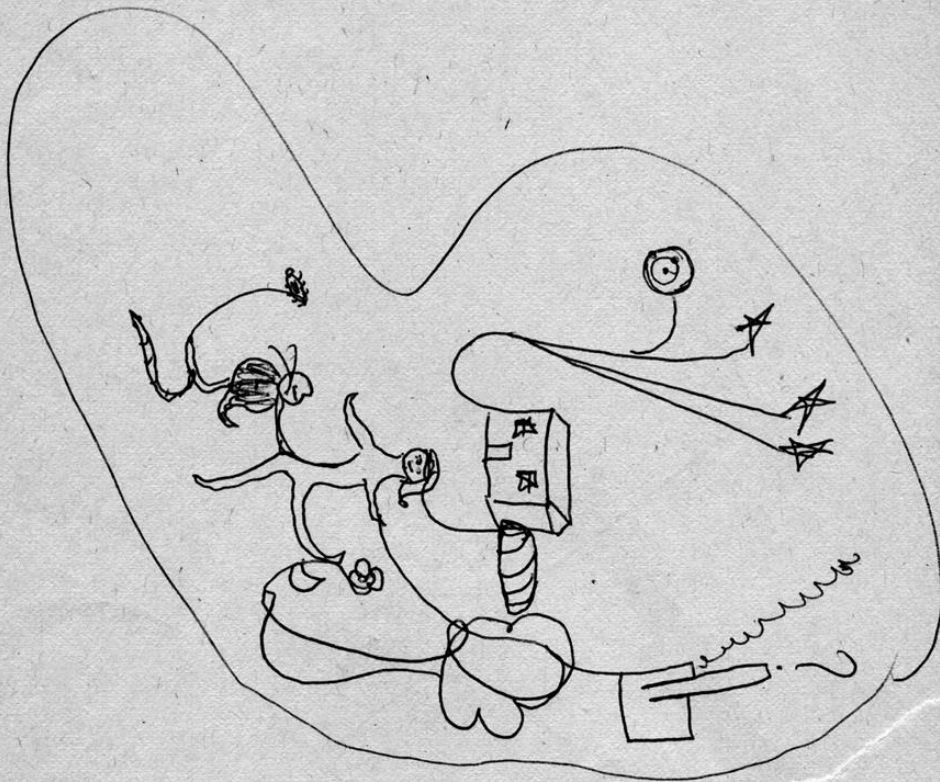
a warm light
from the gods of the brown earth
orange pink crimson clashing harmonious leaf
the blue perfection of the lake
and of the stem (scents)
the color of the apple
or the fall sheathing and the bare spring
before green beginnings
the tranquility of freshness
where one may feel
the full summer of the wheat-tumbling flocks
of clouds to folds
and the drawing towards----

the separate uses of the female and male
in opposites
and wind to care to love
and something interesting to sculpt out of
a raw time
supine intertwined amongst the fruited braids of grainy sun
in paradise

and unviolated waters airs
and sweet furred creatures in their pairs
of cache and kin
and only sorrow at the famine,
storm (in ash or loss),
rites of condolences
(the fire-keeper's staff).

We the animals breathe
breathless we hold hands and love tossed
at the back of moon-sinew water carries fire.
starfire:
meat and tissue
animate spirit
house wheelbarrow child> (chipmunk)
moon issue

(62)



One/ Many

out of the entrails of the earth
a magma
in the center core volcanic red
the nickel steams
KEEAZHEAN

up through the mantle, the ocean floor;
above that plasma, land
those shelves which heave and rise
KEEAZHEAN

recreate the soil and change its shape

rocks pressed from this are glassen
some which sit in layers long
 turn schist
and pressure grows
impressed are diamonds, tourmalines
KEEAZHEAN

once the earth boiled
first rock then roach
then dinosaur
with ferns which scoured the skies
 as large as the high
oaks.
KEEAZHEAN

then man was seen

Away on other stars, the elements
heat out, then cool
and atmosphere will seal in from heat
and water pour from cloudy seats
 these kingdoms
/and dry and wet compress
and lightning came to strike the salt
to cell, and later, flesh

the atoms give us rock and from it life.
 It, with wetness, fire and ice
makes union from the cosmic strife.

Thus Miracle, the voice of gods
in every particle we must touch awe

the universe shares every nerve
with all matter and light's motive curve

sing we are the succulents
and the finest sun
the planted corm
the flagellate within the womb
the snake and bear
the fog become

and from the light and heat
we eye
rainbows with their frequencies, high
molecules give of their song
its holy color, and no wrong
destroys
when we respect the parts:
one is many, many one.

Thus when it rains, it is our heart
whose very blood replenishes

(paint: we are the animals leaves stars huts houses
blackstone rain machines atoms scent of grass
atoms question marks

Changelings

From
barren unsorted branches
Galls stiffen, frame
the pictographs unentered
where a budded regeneration shakes.

In caves we wander, emerge to pass
to frothy stunned forsythias
in the fragrances
of vague and vagrant grass
to where the sweating April sedges
throw up their stems

No more nurtured, clasped upon the grid and stakes
of conflict set
(and its expression from the ache)
Fond ecstasy's intense as ice, but starred beyond;
replenishes the pith of thee
breaks through as rivulets of sun.

Plunge we in union
Towards the corn;
Kiss, tangle, scythe
the ripe retreat

As gilded gods know songs from passion grounded sure
grow old together, purified
and from the marrowed phloem's rivers are sustained
Molt off the mortal
bark of skin
And no more hide
What is within.

Grafted the one on one
from rooted worth.
Dendrites we age
through arms of love
to reach to heaven's winds.

Shoot as sheaves
of rainbows
from the quiver;
blend leaving
to those newer realms
those altered rivers
for senses not yet spanned
(on Earth o'erwhelmed,)
but guessed at;

Now forever.

NISHKENON

Beating down upon them, beating down upon them
water lines cast from heaven out to fish the earth
unlashed from reels, back and forth, back and forth, and in
wrist-snapped, whipped and lingering; their lines uncoiled
the unsoiled search

Beat upon the water drum. Beat drumhead in the fireless
wetu. Imitate the motion-time of bird flap of the pine form.

Call the silence up which sleeps between the drummer's
indentations.

Pound on river; Pound on groundswell;
Pound on breathers and fliers.

Reveal the stone echo of the woods beyond.
We are the center of the circle.

Everything outside ourselves is in ourselves;
we are the small and large.

We may project the power of the floods
(net the earth in an embroiled wetness.)

The clearing baited 'tween the trunks of strong;
the rolled spawn roe of clouds aswim
in spell-hooked sinker-weighted trees.

These Nishkenon, the changing mists,
from coastal throats will swift obscure,
For Maushops blows his wishful pipe
around the flint of winterstone.

And reaching up,
bark forearms tighten, fingers grasp
on nets of twig and knots of branch;
will dip the lures
of conifers
into the watery hold, a weir.

Beating down upon them, beating down upon them
water lines cast from heaven out to fish the earth

Beat upon the waterdrum. Beat drumhead in the fireless
wetu. Imitate the motion-time of bird flap of the pine form.

Call the silence up which sleeps between the drummer's
indentations.

Pound on river; Pound on groundswell;
Pound on breathers and fliers.

Reveal the stone echo of the woods beyond.
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Everything outside ourselves is in ourselves;
we are the small and large.
We may project the power of the floods
(net the earth in an embroiled wetness.)

If I were to explain the poems in narrative terms, it might go in part like this.

The boy is animal at creation or birth, with that wholeness of spirit and body which the animal possesses. He is aware of his Physical being when he begins to learn to Provide and Survive. He is Alone in his vision quest as he passes puberty. His character is an Indian in the dark of owl visions: his vision quest identifies him with this spirit. He will use it "to see," with all his senses. He has been cast out deliberately from the tribe to survive a winter on his own. Although he has been loved as an infant and a child, this ceremony of the Ntouwini demands that he find physical survival in order to secure a spiritual vision. He returns from the hunting, gathering, providing himself with clothing, heat, creating shelter, reintegrated into society, and, now that he knows independence, may allow himself the luxury of love, for he can provide for it. He may now choose a wife (even as she has practiced her arts of making the shelter, the fire, the clothing, butchering the food, cooking, gathering the herbs.) He has a place which his sense of worth according to his skills, and his clan values, may continue to define as he grows. The pipe which he might smoke now with his elders is a unifier of worlds, a connector to all that is alive and "dead" (as is his owl).

The boy understands that there is rivalry (he who may be the better hunter, warrior, wooer of a woman) but that unlike Chipiapoos and Wabasso it may be tilled back into the energies of the whole clan. (Bad can bring Good: If it weren't for Wabasso and the flood, hare would not have received/imagined/given the curing rite.)

Even the rivalry between the sexes is nullified by the realization that maleness and femaleness is based on a kind of mystic sensuality: a division of biology and tasks (he hunter, she grower of seed, the creator of households) which has its other realm in a spiritual stance.

He has a Place which his sense of worth and values may continue to define as he grows. He will always be defined by the vision he had, his secret. In maturity then he may choose that which enhances the soul's power or that which destroys it, and therefore earth herself.

Now I see the boy again. He is in white (Euro-western derived) society. He watches the dream of himself in the distance at the marsh edge. He sees the proving ground of Indians in the elements after his illusory animal state. He sees Creation in terms of history: passing civilization's hearth, the jousts, then backwards and upwards towards the games of machines; the age of the cities after the farms. His own animal state has been illusory in as much as he is in a technological society with its desire for an complete detachment from earth.

The Physical is a game with no purpose of definition of the self in relation to the other, or of Survival, yet it serves to remind him of an atavism. (The Physical world can be defined as a sexual one when he is older, but without self respect, he will misuse his body. If he cannot respect himself he cannot respect another; without respect he cannot trust. There is not Respect, because there is no rite of self-proof which is valid.) His Aloneness is not with the earth in vision quest but within a House, or material society. The parents work for Things and to Survive. They work as specialists for Things with which to Survive. They watch entertainments on a screen which substitute to fulfill their abandoned vision-quests with "fantasies." They fight. They drink.

He is no longer loved as he should be (or so he feels) by family, clan, or if he is, it is not enough. He does not need to share by necessity; or to reintegrate into society with spirit-seasons-soul-love-wisdom. Instead, he must do so without his own body with which to Survive (a paradox which gives the individual self, community, as well as giving the senses, soul.) He sees the elements of modern society trapped in a bag, in a Rivalry which reinforces little but the self and the system to which it is attached in dire dependency. He sees poverty's enslavement, the middle classes' entrapment (as exploiter, unwittingly, of the poor, and tithe

giver to the rich), and the controls of the wealthy. This trap is particularly enhanced, no matter in what ideology's casing, by Industrialism. The very thing which thought it would free mankind. The values of materialism which he seems to need ineluctably to Choose in order to Provide, inevitably reenforce a sense of a lack of freedom, which turn creates anguish, isolation, emptiness, conflict. (No Control equals Out-of-control.) He feels sorrow for this, but is enraged to be a victim, to live in fraudulence--a world divorced from more basic "reality" / spirit. (He sees what materialism does to the senses, to diminish them and their route to survival and imagination and love.)

He would Choose not to be a cog or a user, for to exploit, he feels, is Evil. He does not want to use up earth and each other, for that ultimately kills love. The Soul, denied both Love and Freedom, is perverted through self-loathing to a catharsis of self-destruction, persecution, over-provision, destruction (the Twins)--unless he can turn the emptying out circle back to something positive, a synthesis, a spiral bringing in and going out; a spiral taking the past into a beginning.

Wisdom tells him that he would prefer to survive not by the attenuated stuffs of machinery and currency (though there are certain aspects of both he would keep), but by Nature again. His own body and soul, strengths and sensibilities tell him this, urge him there. (He is willing to give up the old arts and comforts and knowledge to make new ones which do not Destroy.)

It is dark on the beach. The man by the stove inhales the wood smoke. He is strengthened by anger. The forest increases his sensitivity to other worlds; he is isolated; there is still the hunter primal in him. Rivalry, envy, jealousy, may be tilled back into nature, relieved if not eliminated. Some of human nature is in common with all other things immutable. But not all. The matrix of a society interacts with human nature towards a lessening of evil, if Choice works well. He can create a dignity, find his Heart by his manifesto of returning to his own manhood, providing for the self in sufficiency with earth. (This is his choice.) He does not expect it to be anyone else's. He recreates the Indian rite. (He is warned by Trickster, the Changing Fool , of over providing.) He will not. (He is the Twins.) Through the hands a passion of spirit can return; in his "Eden" is an ability to love which fuels the energy to provide. Hypocrisy, guilt, dissolve, as well as the need for proof by power. He is in balance again towards a goodness, both love and lifeway linked once more.

Text for a Rite

Recircling to Home

I am an old Indian shaman. I am eternal. I am inside a sacred place. The flame of my hut burns in the fog. The rock in the cave is all: giver of life. The spirit of Wolf is in the Water which is life: the Fall's beginning of ice--the spring flood. Hare, the provider by Flint is spring's breath, emerging. I see the passage of the sacred selves. (Flood and Wabasso, Wolf and Changing Rabbit). These symbols for me are universal but will change their meaning as the land changes, as the forest winding gives way to the fields and the acceptant houses. Everything changes as history proceeds; each symbol represents some of history.

MANABOHZO

Hare Emergence Creation Dawn Infancy

Whether I am a hunter or begin to be a settled farmer in small groups, the way I perceive that which affects me is not to dominate them--weather, plant, animal, flame--but to be a part of them. My life is directly involved with nature--the spirit and the real: in the wet woods I hunt the deer, respecting her flesh, requesting it sacredly, that it frequent my bones, to regenerate. That is communion: i am the red-brown fleshed deer and she is me. Her spirit is my flesh. Continuity. The wet woods make my moccasins damp. The night holds an excitement unknown to "modern" men (who now must rediscover the obvious; the truths we know about family, about animals interacting with plants. They give paper degrees for objectifying these by study.) I see the ceremonies of the year: those for planting, for hunting, for death and for curing. These ceremonies carry the self as well as the tribe as a whole. (The parts are affected by change, and the individual's passage changes accordingly) (These form a rite of passage for the self as well as the tribe.) (The parts of myth and rite are affected by history and the individual's rite of passage changes accordingly.)

I look out from the sacred place at dawn.

The sacred place is upon an open round blue mesa, layered. The sacred place is near a cave of emergence, with fields spread out and forests at the hills' edges.

The seasons rotate: fish runs in spring. Fowl is on the wing in fall. Berries; tubers in late spring. Dried pumpkin squash with nuts in stew for winter savor; smoke rises. Moose and venison in fall and winter. Corn and shell fish. in summer. Trickster to the east; wolf in the fall; flint in the winter west; hare in the winter; wabasso in the north aurora sky; hare in the east; wolf in the spring.

Dreaming: I have come out of the ice, where the grasses held huge running animals. I am the elder in my vapor hut exposed against the snow-blue visions. As the seas rise in the time of flood I live in the regenerative concealment of forests. At the stream's edges the unspeaking deer and the rowdy wordy ducks gather. I have been Snow Hare and am Flint-rock in the woods. Steam rises: The brave seas' foaming blue challenges me, canoeing for whales, paddling into the rivers for salmon. The waters settle me. I am Wolf and annamaqui/Flood, searise/ and Hare, reformed land and rivers. Onward into less habitable areas, the hot plains, the desert and swamp swelter where I must exchange food, where I must intensify and plant, I wander. And then I am master over all terrains- I am Trickster and Twins/ exposed. I build the nomad's hut, then the clay house in one place; then the fortress walls to protect the farmhouses;

then the house freed of walls again; and then the monoliths of cities.

CHAKEKENAPOK

Flint, Day-- in which he Settles to Trade and Plant, Provision, Tools, Child

Man begins to deviate from a total integration with nature, to place himself above it when he covets the power he can find through shiny goods or gods or wars, when he can use powers of resources or of weapons to subvert other men to his promises, seductions and threats. (He intensifies his gathering or fishing or planting to support his search for power.)

(We returned to the hut, the flame, the waters and the rock but you did not).

Sacred place, rock-flint strikes up lightning-snakes which westward winter. The waters of spring and fall, river and sea, shed up wolf--Here are age and sighing wisdom, emergence maturation, choice: re-emergence, waiting to come forward from the floods after the millennia of ice.

Settled men with Tools, with Surpluses of gathered herds for meat exist (for even in the ages of Ice some settled ranks and specialties existed by dint of surpluses of gathered fish and meat.) The well-supplied are warred upon by the envious. This results in created hierarchies of self-protection, even hereditary leaders. Artisans craft objects for power by which to win in these conflicts.

Artisans trade these goods, and put food-gatherers to work for them. Some fear death and build stone places.

Some are good at organizing, some at music, some at bow making, some at smithing, some at gathering. Some prefer to remain generalists and be good at all things, autonomous. Some barter their skills. Some remain moveable. Some prefer to settle. It is said these were the weaker who settled, turning more aggressive, filled with an ire to keep their borders for themselves. It is said by the Walum Olum that the "stronger and purer, the hunters" kept moving.

Flint:

Is the tools in place.

Exiled from the abundant places of forests and mountains and plains, and coast, he, the weaker, settles at the estuary, the marsh, the swamp, while the competent dark man moves, journeys, walks about. Where before he would roam these areas for his keep, now he will settle in the place of exile, to exchange what he finds there (and there is much, fowl, shellfish, fish, tubers) for the larger game and the sea fish of the other areas.

It is uncomfortable in the marsh. He builds permanent houses to shelter himself, filling in the ground with mud, building mud huts. He has traded for grain in the hillsides.

Now he plants the grain in his fertile flood plains. It grows well. He trades it for more food. He revels in objects, for what he has lost by the strength of his arm in providing for, attracting his women, he makes up for in giving them houses and gifts. Thus he organizes trade up and down river for what the roaming peoples and those settling into abundant niches--with time enough to craft things--do create, do mine out of the hills. There is copper; there is jade, obsidian, gold.

The Organizer intensifies his trading; he intensifies his production of foods so that he may free up artisans and traders. He brings cattle to his grains. He celebrates them with strange

rituals and objects of gold. The shaman becomes a priest who holds, with his fellows, special knowledge of the ceremonies, of the planting days, and of the moons and stars.

The priests demand tribute. They demand special walled places. The nomads, herders, wanderers who move in to the area, also perhaps expelled, out competed, from below and above, raid the granaries and the storehouses, the work places where raw stones are kept.

There is the beginning of war. Warriors are trained within the walls to cohere in battle as a unified machine, rather than to excel as individuals seeking personal glory. They go to the nomads, and with forged iron objects, defeat their spears and bows. They find then that conquest of the hills may bring more stones to them, more grain, women, and cattle.

(It is yet) Day

Man's agriculture his animal and plant husbandry becomes something tended to, dominated. There is still a connection to nature but in subservience to man. Man begins to think of God as Man (as in the epics of Gilgamesh, the Judeo-Christian ethic, the Confucian heavenly hierarchies, the Buddhist spiritualism and others around the earth sphere). It would seem the dawn of a new age: More abundance of food; a new moral concept but instead the failure is one of division and hypocrisy, of selling (as it incipiently appears), rather than of barter or of sharing as provision. Ambition reveals itself through a variety of means including tools and weapons. There are fewer rites and myths except for those which are man-centered or help the man-animal to Control cosmos, man, and herded animals. (The Physical is changing its meaning. The body is embarrassed). Man, (whether Natchez Indian, or Egyptian or Greek) tends to dominate the concept of Creation. The identification with the Animal has changed. Survival is subverted to a control as some men are dominated by others, as man would seek to dominate the seed and weathers.

(If man was Hare, now he is becoming Flint on towards the conflict of Wabasso and Wolf. His state of being has changed. As Wolf he would be free. As Wabasso with his attendant annamaqui he would be the enslaver. The enslaver is a hater. He has become that way because he lacks something; he is either too weak or too strong; he has less reproductive success, or success as a hunter. Women are tired and exposed; they want to settle in one place and have more children. They have lost the white winged being of space and change and adventure. They will change their men.

The contrast between the abundant places and his own scarcity compels him to revel in objects for power. He envies the spirit power of the natural world and would take it for his own--as would she.)

CHIPIAPOOS wolf and rabbit; Rivalry; Walls; gentleness versus envy and brutality; teen, aloneness

The original consciousness of the tool maker expands its rivalry, fragmented further into commodity makers, warriors, laborers, god givers, and rulers. The enslaver seeks expansion and power through intensification of use of land for more than survival, for goods to convey power, and status--what was once described as manitou (mana, orenda, the power of the soul). From his power comes compression: man splits into more complicated hierarchies: warriors to protect the walls wherein the food lies, priests to supplicate gods, traders to bring in goods to the walls.

Dreaming in the stones; the pink dust settles over the blue dust behind the slope of

grass; the schist rocks are in front of me, sunset bleeds; I chant.

I see that man himself has become a god. Even before my times, of my own people, there was a culture called the Natchez. They had a rigid system of rank, supported by sacrifice and slavery. The upper classes were the Suns or gods; the rest were subservient as the grasses to the herds.

WOLF (still)

The birch blossomed snow, the long knives of shadows succumb
to an interior space: The hearth and the bed , they comfort thee. Gentled/and Fiercer.

It is Mid Day. The age of the (palaces temples forts castles) Walled Places (the Feudal Age). This age comes for the Western world, as it did in the beginning in China in Babylon and elsewhere. Again it appears promising. There will be art and beauty. But instead, loving is the unobtainable goal. Rank is the rule. Weapons and grain support the rule. The brawn of the hunter/protector/warrior is turned to martial things. Soldier Warriors protect the gods goods of survival and status within. The weakness of the farmer is ruled by the warriors who may plunder him. Where there was never poverty, only perhaps famine for the clan cared for its own, now the rich and poor are sharply divided. There is loneliness.

The herders and planters conflict.

The boat men rove up rivers.

WABASSO afternoon EMPIRE colonization, cities, adult

From a settled society with an organized center, to the walled realms of god kings, where the gold and jewels, the riches, the gods' secrets, the weapons, the material wealth in raw goods in grains are owned by the Few (often the forceful and the scheming), the Closed-In rebel against the center. The center may fall, the pyramid collapse. Or, the world changes by expansion.

Wabasso is in conflict with gentle Wolf.

From the mysterious tribes, in space and blue mysterious time, in forests of shadows, in plains of living light to the green groves of planters, the wooden houses of fishers in the rains and heat...to the walls with the princes at the middle.. the realms of riches, of the jade and gold, statuary and jewelry, the gods secrets, the material wealth hoarded, the weapons owned by the forceful and scheming, by the few (palaces of Sumer, Hopewellians, both by wide river valleys) I have journeyed.

In the next stage of expansion, on foot out of the valleys, by boat across the waters...by revolt within, colonization without, by entrepreneurialism--more humans try to acquire, achieve the material comforts and riches which objectify what was once an internal personal visionary force. (The Poet becomes the Painter.)

(I have come in from the mysterious tribes--living in a travel of space and in blue mysterious time; out from the forests of wet shadows, across the cold plains of living light, into the river valleys, into the fetid swelter of swamps and marshes, pushed downward from the cool barren hills into the lowland jungle, pushed upwards from the fish-full coast into the barren highland unto a place where I must inter-exchange foods to survive--I have come in to

the green groves of planters and shepherds, the wooden houses of fishers, the kingdoms within the green woods, journeying.)

When the priests behind the walls own the objects of the gods they own what embodies power, and they too, own knowledge of the stars and seeds and calendars. We intensify our gathering and our exchanges.

When the kings of war own the weapons and the land they own their warrior retainers they own the wealth in jade and gold, the spoils of conquests. Their merchants own the artisans and their objects whose power of the gods is now in the prestige they confer upon the martial carriers, whose power is now in the objects themselves. Now many want to achieve the power in the objects, the ease of the riches' comforts.

(In the Pacific Northwest where the coppers and slaves were redistributed to everyone, in New Guinea the shells were given as gifts, in Mesopotamian Sumer which hoarded dates, to Akkad, the empire of merchants, to the Hopewells in their river valleys, some dank with flora some plain with dispersed trees, in each place the mica and the soapstone expanded and seduced and concentrated the networks for material glory.)

There is Conquest, subjugation or Extermination of enemies--depending on their use as slaves, or their perceived interference in the new dominion, depending on population, competition, the availability of resources to the invaders.

They move with their seed, and their fruits, and their gourds, their storage containers, their animals, and their weapons, with their trade goods--unto other lands. They believe this is freedom. As they take from other men. They move from Mesopotamia to Assyria with weapons and wine. They move from the Tigris to Greece with sheep and sailing boats trading wheat and olives. Herodotus bemoans the loss of the bands of nomads. They move.. .

And with their boats sailing, rowing, they take into themselves more and more "practical" knowledge, more objective "science" with which they can understand and control the exterior world.

(Other societies found the merchant-class detestable, witness pre-revolutionary China, and lauded the peasant. This Western world lauds the entrepreneur and, except for communist totalitarian societies, often condescends to the laborer. These world views are each out of sync.)

I look out from the sacred place. I am on the colonial fields. there is a house behind me .. but no woven moveable huts. History goes backwards. I smell dusk in the leaves in the gusts. I smell the rock and wood.

It is an odd light on the field. The New World is settled.

There are hundred acre farms. There is peace outside and tranquil beauty in the house; outside, large tracts of land are owned for cows. The hunter no longer smells the leaves as he tracks but he smells the cold wood and stone of his house. The small band with its motility is no longer. There are fences and in an impressing of kin upon kin. Aloneness is no longer the vision quest but a suffering in love which an odd morality creates: to sin or not to sin. Sexuality is not earth and sky (the hunter's passions) (but the farmer's affectionate lust) (rational against irrational love) but becomes dismembered in embarrassment. Society is not the tribe, but a narrower, harder concept. Choice is not reintegration into a whole. (Reintegration now may be perhaps that of a sky god's afterlife union with Death). Survival is not mirrored by the gods, but is man's burden alone. Rivalry is competitive and not resolved by rite. The Soul begins to

be attenuated from, to escape completely from the exigencies of nature, from the "affectors" of wind and season, climate and place, into the purchase of objects. (We sacrifice immediacy for storage of grain as it were.) (The bones of the dead slain inhabitants nourish the soil of the invaders).

Death is more beloved than Life. What man does is more esteemed than the works of Nature.

Artifice seeks to replace the Genuine.

THE RETURN OF one Hare--Learner and Duper; Dusk, Maturity, Technology, Choice

There are cities. Ironically democratization, expansion done in order to redistribute resources to more members of the State often results in outright enslavement if not subjugation or extermination of the strangers in the new lands.

As merchantry colonizes, the so-called "rational" quest replaces more mystical ones of earlier eras. Everything can be materialized, "realized." In all civilizations the height of empire is reached where there is mass production, even without machines; where there is desperation, hatred and exploitation of man and the land, and mass murder.

(On the loss of family context:

As a hunter who dwelled where he would, my Group might compete with another Group. As a settled man (who makes much from little) Families will now compete with one another for possession of turf. While agriculture is sustenance, the clan remains a concern (group against group). As it becomes involved with commodity for its whole life, the nuclear family is the concern. As a walled man, subject to others, individual men will compete with men. As a man expanding to new areas by trade women will compete with one another. As a man of specialized monoliths, with scarcity now occurring in insecure resources, men will compete with women and children will be (guiltily) a burden and no longer (completely) a joy. For in the era of the city the selfish will center upon themselves in coalescence to gain diminished resources--and the family (in the era of technology) uses up resources more than ever in the past. Too large a family is as immoral as it was in hunter societies at this juncture, making inequality of distribution. Large families are bred by will, apportioning more unto themselves, skewing towards the mentality of hoarders. Here is the rise of the Self versus the Other. With intolerable pressures come self-hatred, dehumanized hearts, even abuse, incest, the rage of precariousness vented on ourselves.

(The Creation, Animal, the Physical are now changed in their meaning.)

(In each place where civilization happens it is the same process.

--And, the process's parts of myth and growth are separated from embodiment in rite and life-way...)

We move to complexity which agriculture or any settled abundance, even that of garnered fish, can support--with a will to do so. Whether enhanced food production is cause or a result of materialism's increase, is a moot point. Crisis itself may stimulate specialism, to wit: priests function to control the volcano, warriors work full time against invaders who plunder a rich land. The use of planting increases to support this. Or, in another scenario: the use of gathering increases, intensified to support a dull place's need for inward horizons as they

are revealed in outward arts.

But after intensified food production, specialism does increase with a concomitant ownership of gods and resources by a hierarchical center and a consolidation of the center as trade and specialism increase. Trade and/ or War ("Raid or Trade") encourages expansion and conquest coupled with coercion and seduction. Democratization follows, that is, the individualization of ownership of the resources which the expansion sought. Then again comes empire's consolidation with concomitant ecological exploitation and TYRANNY.

What was redistributive becomes exploitative either by crisis or by intention. POWER devolves to the few in an emergency or by intent. The few enjoy their power and keep it by the coercion their epoch makes available to them: weapons, secrets, propaganda media, psychological manipulation, and economic power. (Governments can be bought and sold.)

Specialization continues. Men fragment into more and more tasks, reacting to the pressure of wanting to leave the Walls, reacting to the stratification of work which the crisis of war makes, reacting to the loss of face and the loss of grace. Loss of space makes loss of face, makes loss of grace.

They move with their seed and their weapons, with their trade goods--unto other lands. They believe this is freedom. As they take from other men. They move from Mesopotamia to Assyria with weapons and wine. They move from the Tigris to Greece with sheep and sailing boats trading wheat and olives. Herodotus bemoans the loss of the bands of nomads. They move.

Their ambition compels them to create machinery, to seek for more and more.

(The competent African stays within his tribe, as does the competent Asian and the competent American.) They watch from the woods, hiding, waiting with the spirits of animals and plants and winds and rocks/

How much more do I need and want?

I continue to seek status objects to enhance myself in the eyes of gods, of other men, of women.

My ships float away from the walls to seek those goods, once holy, now profane. As I expand I protect only the immediate family. As I expand I enslave those in worlds beyond. My children are comfortable. As I continue to use up the world, will my children continue to comfortable?

The civilizations themselves have moved through their stages.

(The more humans, the more industry, the less resources, the more costly, the more competition, the more environmental degradation, less resources--intensification of tyranny, conflict and war.) The spiral continues.

DUSK

Hare, I conjure behind the pink mountains. The world has been a nomadic tribe wandering amongst the dunes of dawn. Flint, I conjure in a western fire of skies; within the green valleys, the rivers, the sea edge and the mountain top. The world has intensified trade, food collecting, planting, storage. Wolf, I envision, behind the circular, warm house made of saplings and sedge and bulrush mats wove so tightly that the rain falls off behind the wetu. The world has warred behind walls, and ranks and strata have appeared with their holy insignia. As Flint's era continued and the walls went up--the shadow, the darkness of the walls, transferred the mystery of the rocks, the mesas, the woodlands within and unto the gold objects, and the intricate tapestries of the castles. Wolf carried the glare of the inward flames with his soul back

out past the brush huts, toward the river and toward the bridge over which the dead can return. If Wolf crosses the bridge again, the world will end in fire.

Hare, I envision rising from the silver scaly waters of the lakes and the seas, fog born of water with his brother wabasso. The world has moved out of the mysterious temples and castles to create a merchants' revolt, and with weapons and goods has moved to new places. Trickster is abundantly placed; many of him; his features change; his organs fill with lust. The world has created fragmented specialized men.

The Twins will very come to slay enemies which are not there and to feed giants they cage. The world has created cities, and machinery, massness and destruction.

What began as an age of probability for all of man's ambition and art, fails. From the Bible to the Farm, the affectors of weather, of seasons---on the food quest, on shelter, have diminished, as tools and production have blocked them out. Now the affectors are without much power (except as symbols of the gods).

A distant god, with a mandate for his believers to dominate, creates anger in the name of impossible Love. Anger disdains the Other. Anger fills itself on greed. Anger must invent methods to fulfill its greed. Anger must turn the heart into a machine, and create machines to use up everything in the service of profit and ease. And the machine conquers all people who lived otherwise, and they emulate it; the machine consumes the very fiber of our human skill; we become forgetful of what we were and what we could do, and in our passion for ease and consumption, anger is a faith which creates a self-fulfilling prophecy of linear destruction.

TWINS (have exchanged place with Trickster)
Age, Choice, Wisdom, Soul, Destruction, Rebirth

Fire and hearthstone have changed unto oil. The four seasons are hermetically sealed behind glass but trying to make a comeback by way of earthquakes and floods. Earth is mined and chained. (The "two souls" of natural men have become one pale soul of death.) The hunt is changed unto a jail. The food quest is a supermarket. Puberty, the maleness, the femaleness found, is a time to learn conformity. Curing makes sick before it cures. The hunt has become war. There are no myths and rites. The owners and buyers have marketed love. There is no primary existence. The house, the weapon and tool have won. All is secondary subsistence. The corpse prevails.

Thus from the hunter-gatherer to agri-gods to animal domination, to agri-tool, to a formalized, ranked weaponed society with priests, to a factoried society with expansion and centralization - the circle is perverted, and the spiral opens up to a line. The animal and creation is subverted to a control. Then survival is controlled, and thus the physical is subverted. Provision is redirected and the person's aloneness, privacy, reintegration into the group is changed, altered. And as Civilization continues to default--in spite or because of religions usually cut off from direct experience--carrying its arts which are partitioned off--Rivalry becomes an end in itself, society the vehicle for it, and Choice a support system for those nihilistic values. The Soul becomes a vessel for destruction.

TWINS

Men, using the ground and rock burst upwards on the division of the earth, like spores. And the paper they buy the pieces with becomes tinder.

We have split ourselves from ourselves. We are the Twins.

We have split ourselves from ourselves. We are the Twins.

We abdicate the production of our needs to the corporate world; therein finding material comfort, and false status. We put ourselves at risk. Inevitably power centralizes itself, protects itself by any means, conspiracy included. Corporate power unifies, merges with government power. The more we lose the initiatives controlled by the sphere of our own whole bodies, the less we have control over our lives. The more the basic needs are controlled, the less we have a real grit of freedom, the more we become owned and controlled by a Corporate State. As the world is used up, the controllers concentrate more power in their hands. As the desperation increases over a world of less and less, and as power increases at the center--the Fire which burnt the soul of the world is at hand. Wolf waits beyond the bridge to bring back the souls of the dead.

I smoke to the wetness, the dryness, the heat the cold. and
the Fire.

In the era of Hare we are in the rite. In the era of Flint through the living Wolf, the parts are still in harmony. In the era of wabasso, aloneness is subverted to the group; the adult is a servant to the lord. The castle has no use for choice. In the age of the Relearning Hare (Trickster) the world thinks to recreate itself by expansion and trade; but it is not free; it deceives itself. It is economic man's freedom. Flint does not provide but is a perversion of the things man can create. In the world of the Trickster the cities wipe out the rite entirely; there is no nature and no animal. The Twins turn everyone to aloneness, flint to a weapon; wolf will not be reborn, nor hare recreate the world. All is concretized and sold. We sell our time to buy our needs.

The parts themselves have changed their meaning: Flint destroys hare, wolf remains unregenerated; trickster learns nothing but the relearning of the obvious; the twins again overprovide; and flood remains on earth along with the perturbation of the soul and earth by the fire will happen when wolf crosses the bridge back from the dead. The annamaqui have won.

We have slain the woods, cut down the shadows, enslaved
the plains and are exposed now as a naked man upon hot concrete, in precariousness...

The parts of myth have become a rite of passage for history itself. The parts of rite have become the way one goes through the society the history created.

Civilization has spoken to me. It has seen its arrogance. Its children sit under clouds by the hearths in the soft light. It asks for a cure as it sorrows. It should have stayed in the waters. It would return to hands again. The Lucifer light of my rage is a new age. (There are spaces and horses) but a heartlessness. From the old ways and symbols, the parts reassemble; from a new way emerge new rites and myths, and old symbols combine with new. The process of history has been the process for the cure.

I am male. It is strong and gentle on the fields, not weak and fierce. I was earth's lover, warrior, tiller, killer. And now in flame am. She awaits, wondering what her passage is to be. And now in flame I am the owl.

HARE will recreate the world

[illegible]

INSPIRATION

Subtext

Circle Dances and Previews has a subtext or referential context which is loosely based on the conflated mythology and rites of certain Algonquian Indians such as the Ojibwa and Menominee (as well as of the culturally related Winnebago) and the Wampanoag and Narragansett ---and on the parts of a rite of passage which the religions loosely present.

Wahzheaud, keezzhean, kiehtan (Wampanoag), kautantowit (Narragansett), kische or gitche manitou (Ojibwa) kishtannit (N. Alg.) Kehtean, Mese Manido, Kishä' Ma'nido, as various Algonkian cultures of the north and east so name the power of generation, creates the world. (In some tribes creation is accompanied by an alter ego, an opposite and negative force (amongst the Wampanoag he is hobbomock, hobbomoko, amongst northern Algonquians he is hanegoategah. Manifestations of spirit for instance for the Wampanoag also come twinned such as Moshup and Mahtadou.) (Indians don't capitalize their manitou's names.)

The Creator creative force, creator Twins engender the ocean, bring earth out of it, make moon, sun, stars, rocks. Some of these beings evolve from Creation's own flesh, some from thought, some are dropped out of the sky into the earth. The Creation sets the four earth island anchorers out. It sets the four winds out. It creates beings and powers of air, of water, of land. Eventually It creates First man and First woman. Culture Heroes or Transformers arrive as part of Creation, teachers throughout epochs of the people.

Most importantly the spirits in the Algonquian belief (sometimes comparable to four directions, four winds, or four earth anchorers) come into being as follows: Perhaps in the fog by the lake, Hare, manabohzo (manabush, nanabush, manaboojoo, ohzobohzo, odzihozo) the first is born to a great grand-daughter of the moon, or a daughter of earth or grandmother earth (Nokomis) conceived with the morning star or west wind or relative of the sun. Three brothers are born with and after him. One is a twin of manabohzo, an Arctic Hare named wabasso (maker of white) who runs from the light in fright to the north. Wolf (named in various stages of his appearances on earth as muhwase or black wolf or natoquos, naq'pote, expert marksmen or hunter) is born. He is a beautiful singer, a mad visionary and manabohzo's favorite. The last, Flint, chakekenapok, destroys the mother in being born. Nokomis brings up Hare and his twins. Hare fights and kills him. Flint goes to ground, becoming a rock and is used for the making of arrowheads and fire, the basics of survival. Manabohzo is brought up by nokomis, grandmother Earth.

The underspirits, annamaqui Anamaqkiu (as Menominee call them, and which have other names in other tribes and are represented by such as an underwater serpent in some tribes Mishiginebig, maskanako), are led by wabasso perhaps in league with the negative creator are jealous of Wolf. They pull him down into a lake where he is drowned.

Hare takes revenge upon some of the underspirits of land and water by having his allies the Thunderbirds shoot lightning at them. The great snake (maskanako, , in whose service are the annamaqui,) causes flood to overwhelm the earth.

The annamaqui and other manitous (powerful spirits) come to manabohzo to ask him to staunch the flood. Through Otter, they give Hare a curing rite. This complicated ceremony is reenacted by a degree of priest or shaman in the Mitawiwin (Mide) of the far north, a sacred curing rite which revivifies the dead (Wolf and human) by means of a magic otter medicine pouch containing herbs and shells. The regenerative stones, migi, are shot into an initiate, who falling dead is restored to life. Wolf's soul is revived with the help of this magic, but he cannot enter the tent with the living. He stands guard outside with a flame. He becomes the guide of the dead, and is now named such as moquaio, chipiapoos

(one of many spellings implying Cheepi or ghost as well as wolf). Hare, appeased by the compromise, restores the world by finding an earth diver to bring up mud and recreate from it, land and its beings. (Sometimes the earth diver is loon, or coot, or turtle or otter or muskrat.) In some stories, Hare marries Muskrat and they re-people the earth.

Hare then leaves the earth to live in the east (or the north) for a time, before returning to the grandfather creator's place in the southwest, where good men go after death.

In what appear to be mysterious reincarnations of the original spirits, man-heroes, spirits, animals, giants, twins may take the place of First Spirits as transformer, or culture-hero, reappearing on earth in different epochs as spirit, animal, giant, or trickster, often as twins. The spirits may reappear through eras as very large or small, in human form.

Twins such as Glooskap (human like spirit, giant) and Malsum (possibly wolf and flint both) of the Passequemoddy, or Wiske and Chipiyapoos of the Potawami, or Maushops and Mahtadou of the Wampanoag. (Wetucks and Cheepi are appear to be also dual incarnations of Kiehtan/Maushops and Hobbomock/Mahtadou.) (Twin heroes are a common theme throughout all of the Americas, not only for Winnebago ho chunk and Menominee but for the Iroquoians and Navaho.) These spirits may be the same as, or reincarnations of prior demi urges, and may and reappear, sometimes as animals, sometimes as humans or giants. (Animals have spirits, but there are spirits which take on any form, animals, rock, human.)

The heroes singly or in pairs make the animals to their rightful sizes. They fight serpents and giants, rid the world of the last of the awful things, but also, in a sort of over-abundance of energy, an Overprovision, cause earth's demise by pulling out (in some versions) the pillars which support her.

Hare or the creative force itself, may have other emissaries or incarnations which are distinctly human such as Wetucks or Maushop for the Wampanoag. This Teaching Being, brings new ways of provisioning in the material and spiritual world after the deluge; new rites and new skills, as the people follow their paths to the ends of their migration routes. He leaves to the westward, the direction of death.

Weetucks is a female as mentioned by the Lenape in their Walum Olum, (a contested mnemonic embodying creation and migration stories) who helps the people migrate across oceans and stepping stones to their new world. Could she be a sister possibly of Wetucks (of the Wampanoag, Narragansett, Pequot and Mohegans)? The word relates to female, light, and may possibly be an image of light in the water from the moon, the Narragansett Nanepaushadt (of Roger Williams "A Key Into the Language of the Americas") in which Hare may be seen. (These lost connections discovered in etymologies may be mysteries which language reconstruction may rediscover and which outsider may only intuit, envision, guess at.)

In a more recent time, often before the coming of the whites, there are giant spirits on earth. They have different names in different cultures, such as Chahnameed to the north (who seems to represent excess), or Maushops (which may mean "big net maker") to the southeast of New England, or the Windigo of the Ojibwe. Hare or Flint reappear as a giant sometimes in some tales. There is often a summer-bringing giant who comes from the east, fighting the western winter giant until warmth wins. William Simmons suggests wetucks is likely the same as Moshup, even possibly as the Ojibwe windigo. The Giants are often plagued by small tricksters (Pukwudgees, Memegwesi).

At some point Hare himself, or another demiurge is on earth as what white scholars name the Trickster. Indeed, there has been much made by white scholars of Creators, Culture Heroes, Transformers and Tricksters. Paul Radin, from an interpretation of Wadjunkaga (Winnebago) as "tricky one," was one of the first to name a figure common to

Indian tales, which was both duped and duper, Trickster. Ishtinike, Wichikapaci, Wisakedjak (documented by the great linguist Howard Norman in the “Cree Wishing Bone Cycle”) and many others across the US, are “Tricksters.” (Famously Coyote in many western tribes and Raven in the northwest) Whoever the spirit is, it is in its sexually ambiguous youth, foolish, a learner, a sly one, but not just a trickster it is more predominantly the Dupe AND the Duper, as the dual, opposite egos, finally learn to be whole. The Duped learns wisdom from his many mistakes. He learns how to behave. The “Trickster” comes in the beginning according to some tellings, and is here now with the Whites according to other

CORRESPOND

Spirits seem to correspond with the world directions (as guardians of them and as “earth anchorers”) as well as the winds, as well as the seasons, the parts of the day, the wheel of the moon and sun, the division of the year into light and dark, male and female, the ages of mortality, the parts of maturation in the life process, the major rites of passage in life, how we provision ourselves through the year, the passage of the starts, and the epochs of history—to whit creation, migration, ice, flood, recreation and the coming of the whites. (8 epochs: the four major spirits are born, migration, flood, world is recreated, almost destroyed, a teacher comes, a giant hero, a trickster.)

(Notably the parts or at least the structural archetype of the Algonkian (Algonquin, Algonquian) myths may serve as a prototype, because many of its pieces are mirrored in the myth systems of other culture such as the Mende in Africa, Amerindians in Latin America, other tribes across North America, and tribes of Melanesia. The relationship of man to animals, spirits, ancestors, the major rites of passage such as birth and death, the weather, the moon and sun are universals which the mind of man creates relationships to in natural societies in ways both unique and universal at once.) (Or the spirits give to man’s mind and soul.)

EXTRAPOLATION (parts)

I have taken the liberty of attaching the symbols to parts of our world cultural evolution common to all humans.

I’ve interpolated the Spirits of Hare and of Flint and Wolf and the Twins (hares or others) and even the annamaqui to symbolize human phases--a process presenting circles--representing a rite of passage the parts of which are Creation (and Transformation), Survival (tools basic needs), Provision (the gathering and hunting of), Rivalry (envy, uncaring, unloving), Choice (harmony or selfishness and imbalance--to Provide, Create and continue or to Over Provide and Destroy), and the Soul. These in turn correspond with the patterns of growth common to all cultures: The identification with the Animal and nature in the very young; the Physical being in the child; the being Alone in quest of a self in the Adolescent; the being in Society in the young adult; the Choices which provide creation or destruction in the adult, especially vis a vis Love and Pro-Creation, and the Spiritual being which attains wisdom in Age.

The sections of this book and of any ritual you may create divide into these.

Nothing is rigid, everything spirals; a piece of one set may be found in another.

Just for the Fun of it Figure it Out:

The patterns of beliefs universally seem to present these pieces: 1- Creation // 2- Provision and Survival // 3- Rivalry // 4- Transformation // 5- Socialization (Choice) // 6- Destruction (death and rebirth). In the Algonkian paradigm these pieces are symbolized by 1-Hare // 2- Flint // 3- Wolf and annamaqui // 4-Hare // 5-Trickster // 6-Twins.

The cycle corresponds also to patterns of growth common to all cultures which I interpret as simply // 1- baby // 2- child // 3- adolescent // 4- adult // 5- mature being // 6- age, death // or in a more complex fashion as: // 1- The identification with the Animal and the natural (subjective) world in the baby // 2- the sense of the Physical being in the child // 3- the being Alone in quest of self in the teens // 4- the being in Society as the adult with the // 5- resolution of rivalry through // 6- Choices- which provide a Destructive or loving respectful creative approach to life in the mature adult; age, or death and Rebirth.

For my own purposes I have extended the inter-related symbols to include our Cultural Evolution as a species. Traditionally those parts change from: Hunter, fisher, gatherer to agriculturalist; village and Big man; state; empire.

I prefer to interpret the parts more generally, not just in terms of the specific mechanics but the states of socialization: 1/ Hunter 2/ Fisher- Agriculturalist/Villager 3/Walled groups; Town 4/State; City 5/Empire; Technology Increase (Factory workshops) 6/Expansion, Fall; and Destruction

or

1-Hare- man is conscious. 2-Flint consciousness creates tool, planting, exchange of goods, but the spiritual nature of man keeps it redistributive. 3-Something happens, some pressure of failure- either a weakness of body, an ineptness in the hunt; a squeezing out to inferior lands where he must either trade or plant; scarcity which makes him plant; a loss of face which makes him intensify materialism; e.g.--failures expand into niches 3-Wolf wabasso/annamqui/- WAR and rivalry intensifies tool, food, object making. Integrates food sources, **trade**; settles to produce surplus to support his new materialism; use material goods for gods and for war and status. Integrate geographical strata, integrate food producing areas, (era of settlement), integrate & centralize specialism such as food and war. This is the era of internalized Centralization.

4-Hare- expansion-colonization; slavery; (war) 5-Trickster--further specialization- commodity, trade. 6-Twins, urbanization, mechanization -fall.

Or

1/ Unsettled survival (trade, settlement) nomads stronger keep moving 2/ Settled with intensification of trade compelling food production and specialized tools and object production 3/Surplus, Centralization, constriction (the rivalry and jealousy which produce Civilization) WAR 4/Increased Specialization, hierarchy, materialism, trade especially via waterways. 5/ Expansion via colonization/ local Tyranny over man, environmental degradation e.g.-Expansion via war and trade, colonization (democratization) 6-urbanization/ mass production mechanization. centralization, tyrannies, resource depletion and degradation, wars over scraps, Destruction . And as the stages of all Civilizations have gone (from Sumer and Harappa to all)-- the cycle of those in the past to now- -(with the above stages inherent in each but the focus of the passing particular civilizations themselves changing) :

1/ Hunters 2/ Agrarian with art/ 3/Trader (maritime/ scientific).. 4/ Imperial 5/ Technological 6/ Synthesis

Thus we are 1-Created out of cosmos(Hare, baby).//2- We become hunters.(Survival/ Provision/Flint, child)//3- We become increased tool-users; agriculturalists, traders, specialists and warriors, priests. (Transformation mixture of Hare of Flint. Teen) //4-We specialize, centralize, become hierarchical. (Wolf and annamaqui, Rivalry, adult //5- We extend materialized artifacts (in the names of redistribution, the democracy,(Greece, America, Sung China) the republic (Rome), communism (various post feudal states), progress- what have you) to an urban, technologized state dependent on currency (precipitous personal security, precarious global security because of the consolidation of empire and its attendant tyrannies over men and exploitations over the earth)(Trickster, Socialization, mature adult)Industrialization //6- In the final course we have destroyed aliveness of man and nature and now must be heir again to oblivion or rebirth. (Destruction and rebirth. Mature adult, Twins. Choice).

If I have taken liberties in the interpretation of a mythology and language which inspires my vision (even if it is not expressed directly herein) doesn't belief, like bloodlines, need an infusion of an outsider's vision every now and then to refresh its native genius?

And I might suggest that every tribe and people may use the modules of the template to do the same: make a ritual of the pieces of mortality, the pieces of provisioning, the seasons (all four or hot and cold, rainy and dry), the world directions, the ages of mortality, male and female, the epochs of the culture's history, and--the epochs of the common world history. Show how these circles then interact with others. (And how at last the most dominating nasty angry aggressive Euro-derived cultures, unfortunately, violate all the circles of cultures and nature.)

Throughout the Americas many of the pieces: Animal, Physical, Provision, Socialization, Soul are indeed celebrated by various intermeshed ceremonies taking place at various stages of life.

Naming ceremonies identify the Child with the animate world of birds and creatures. The Youth, as both less than, and one with the Animal, is found in Vision Quests all over the Americas. The initiate goes out alone to find self-provision in coming of age rites but also to find his tutelary animal spirit guide, the spiritual context of his life within the physical world. The Sundance of the Plains, and indeed War itself, may prove the Physical realm for an adult warrior, while the former may also serve the soul. The eternal life of the soul is found through the Mide and many Medicine Lodges all over America in life, and through such as Sioux Soul Releasing or Ghost Rites for the departed. (Reincarnation is a large part of the Mide and other rituals. Air, water, ice, and rock all of which are represented in the sacred sweat house and which come together in vapor or spirit, also partner spirits throughout the Americas. Ceremonies of Algonquian speaking tribes include naming, coming of age, green corn, moon celebrations, medicine and smudging, celebration of berries, of harvest, roads of life and death, medicine. The Hopi have elaborate rituals for summer and winter, the road of life, season, creation, migration and their kachina spirits. The Lakota have seven basic ceremonies including soul releasing, friend making, visioning, coming of menarche, and more. The Objibwe (Anishinabe) say, "In ceremonies there were four orders represented: the rock, the fire, the air and the water. There were four parts to each ceremony: the purification, the preparation, the offering and, finally, the festival in which all took part in the dancing or thanksgiving. All life and being were honoured."

If I am a tribe of one, I may synthesize myth parts to create my own rites. If we are a community as we should be within the living earth, we may create rites.

A word on native myth

The complexity, unity and sophistication of native belief systems and native language (so closely intertwined) are so far beyond what most scholars have grasped that it has been a mission of mine to try to understand it. Much of Algonquian belief, indeed of all Indian mythology or belief metaphors, seem to be a part of a process--albeit circular and interchangeable in some parts according to the spiral of Indian thought, which is unlike the linear progression of Western minds.

One of the most important things to understand is that beyond the confirmation of the myth figures and their parts in concrete terms, they are ever-changing passages. Passages of being, transformations, "becomings" -- for animal, moon, earth, man, indeed all of nature are together correspondents, mysteries, intertwining "hoops." In the Delaware "Big House" belief, for instance, sixteen levels or layers of the earth lodge need to be passed through and understood before gaining wisdom. In Sioux shamanism (or whatever of it has been revealed to outsiders) there are at least sixteen pieces of becoming: Four Fours. (Four is the sacred circle. Up and down are the five and six which make a sphere. Seven which can make the whole. Up down, six directions, eight.) The Mayans were whizzes at these links of cycles with time and space, with numbers, with cycles of history. And it is likely that Mayan cosmology influenced that of tribes further north, not merely those of the Southwest, but likely up the Gulf Coast and into the east coast. There may be as much deliberate mathematical interjection for North American myths as there is for those of Pre-Columbian Middle and South America. (As the Sauk and Fox said in a long rite: "Life is the hard thought.")

Not only are pieces circular and multi-dimensional, but there is duality. Few figures exist without their negative and positive manifestations, their balance and counterpart. The Wampanoag *hobbomock* and *kiehtan*, reembodyed as *mahtadou* and *maushops*, just as do the northern Algonquian's *wabasso* and *manabozho*, embody duality. They are Fool and Hero, humorous and serious is always counterposed.

Indian figures are less anthropocentric personifications of character than they are states of being and action. Although for the West, Ovid came into some of this in his "Metamorphoses," the Indian figures are richer in transformations, closer to religious essences of inward spirit manifested by an external reality which includes many worlds in the cosmos, not just the world of man as in the European West. If Dionysus, Persephone and their Eleusinian Mysteries represent the cycle of birth, death and seasonal renewal, the Indian symbols represent many cycles of many realities for life forces in the world of animals, rocks, fogs, seasons, soul--a whole sphere of interactions with a much greater sophistication than the mere folk tales reveal (a web with inter-related but separate strands). Christianity has a triad of father son, ghost but what is this compared to a Being such as Hare which is Animal, man, a kind of raw soul, and a mystery related to many other natural realities and time periods all at once?

Even with all their power, Indian (indeed any world tribal) symbols are not to be taken literally as are those religious symbols and stories and rites in our Western culture. Tribal peoples (and poets) live close to the world of ecstasy in often disjunct visions. It seems to me that their arts then need to be understood as metaphors, even as prophecies, and not as absolutes. Change, aliveness exists in everything. Symbols become essentials, become vessels for the process of the interconnected and inseparable real/spirit life in everything. You cannot nail down a Mystery. Word, and ritual can conjure out of dream, reality, change reality in the hands of those with powers.

Indian myths are not told in rigid cycles, but are instead often redundant. They are part of a process, circular and interchangeable in some parts according to the spiral of Indian thought, not

the linear progression of Western inductive minds.

Change, aliveness, exists in everything. . Symbols become essentials, become vessels for the process of the interconnected, inseparable real/spirit life in everything.

For me, these Spirit Symbols are a constant source of mystery and musing; they function with a kind of mimesis and kinesis, a kind of magical force which fuses poetry and language itself with being and action and outcome.

To Natural peoples (some Mayans even call themselves *naturales*), the very symbols of myth and rite generate their own power which becomes real in a kind of positive witchcraft. Mysteries encoded in metaphor can keep the world in balance. Metaphor has a power to create. In modern terms it is a bit like the findings of the book the Dancing of the Wu Li Masters, in which physicists' thoughts actually seemed to affect the outcome of experiments with real matter.

Even with all their power, the symbols are not to be taken literally as are those religious symbols and stories and rites in our Western culture. Change, aliveness exists in everything. Symbols become essentials, become vessels for the process of the interconnected, inseparable real/spirit life in everything.

If belief and rite are separated from one another and then excised from the way of life as in the Christian religion, they tend to become abstracted, that is: precepts become irritatingly out of reach, creating a split between Life and the Soul. This does not exist in most global indigenous cultures.

As religionists such as Alexander and Underhill, have pointed out, there is a difference between **myth and rite**. The story or myth which is told completely at the fire circle may be alluded to briefly in acting a rite. A piece of it may be excised, its allusion assuming the shape and power of symbol, a kind of shorthand with the power of a fetish which takes on the kind of kinetic force for catharsis or revelation. (The closer beliefs are to the totality of existence, the more likely they are to move the heart or the universe.)

American Indian beliefs tell tales of spirits in both human and animal and spirit form. The beliefs and their story forms are deeply rooted in a way of life, often resulting from what effects humans in their natural contexts: the physical environment, elements, seasons, hunting, gathering, planting.

While myth is derived from the influences of environment, life events, survival-- to define and explain the cosmos and man's place in it, rite/ritual actively seeks to resolve man and nature with the cosmos. Myth may explain the coming of cultural milestones such as corn, the entry of death into the world, the realities with which your tribe/people clan lives, socialization (moral obligation), but rite actually negotiates, may accompany such events as birth, death, puberty, renewal, curing, seasonal changes, entry into the world of the spirits, vision quests, war, planting, hunting, greeting of friends, of foe. For rite is not the mythic explanation of these, rather the hard core how to of dealing with them. If myth seeks to narrate, ritual implies brief, oft repeated actions made in order to influence the outcome of "reality." Ritual, such as throwing tobacco to the spirits, may be explained by myth but ritual may be quite separate from it.

One imagines that the needs which survival creates might favor small rituals first, that is, those actions combined with symbols which might bring about a favorable outcome for the hunter, the ill, or the about-to-be -born.

Myth tells the tale. Rite is the acting out of symbols connected with belief; ritual is for the passages through life and the universe, for accomplishing wishes. (Poetry as mimesis, is a little bit of both.)

Possibly as the hunter-gatherer settles down in winter, or becomes more agricultural, more affixed in the material world, myth may codify itself, whilst more ritual may form out of the bones of the quiet time, become more complex, more concretized through art objects (fetishes changed to aesthetics) and priests.

So, in our new lifeway, what sacred way, what myths and tales will we create? What rituals will we need? Will we need once more a deer dance, in paint and skin and antlers, with rattles to shake our hearts into a wish, that the deer love us and come to us to give their flesh up? Will we wear owl's feather and carry his talon in our pouch with energy giving calamus? Will we inhale smoke from sage, cedar, pine to contact the spirits? Will we see in the snow a large white spirit shape creating the world out of Ice. Will we see Wolf rise from the water; and wetucks ride across the fire in the water? Thus, will we make tiny rituals, small demands by dance and voice and herbs and bone on the spirits that the real accrue well to us. Shall we make rites which cure by reasserting order again as the first americans did? Will we create new ceremonies, long rites we dance out phases of history so that we may never repeat them again?

SPECULATION Notes

Etymology

The four Spirit Forces Manabozho, Chipiapoos, Chakekenapok, Wabasso (I will capitalize here) which vary in name and condition from tribe to tribe also, in some cases appear to represent winds, phases of the moon and the seasons, and the four world quarters. They may be associated with the "earth island anchorers." (There are other manitous as well, part of the spiral.. The Anishinabe have eight world parts, some tribes six or seven, some four as we have said.)

For the northern Algonkian names of spirits depicted by 19th and early 20th century anthropologists Stith Thompson, Daniel Brinton, H.B. Alexander, Radin and Hoffmann. Skinner others, I have found counterparts for them in southern Algonquian texts such as the Wampanoag depictions reiterated by Simmons, Reynard and Manitinoquat, and most especially the 17th century source, Roger Williams, A Key Into the Language of the Americas (Narragansett language), as well as the vocabularies of John Cotton, and the Nadick Dictionary. And herein lie some interesting clues to the old meanings. You can see the inter-relationship of the spirits with their directions or world quarters.

Keeahzean (Creation) is broken into kee, and ahzean; kee is associated with old and the sea, and ahzean with motion or creation. Kittantowit (Narragansett), Kiehtan (Wampanoag), Kishtannit (Great Spirit, N. Alg.) relates both to old man and the sea spirit, and to the southwest (sea from which some of the Algonquian speaking people came (some came from the east)--and from whence the crow brought corn, and to which the people go after death, this for the Wampanoag. The southwest is the gathering of crops, (later) the harvest of crops, wisdom, heaven.

The West belongs to Grandfather Sun, the aged, setting one, Keesuckquand, (Nepaushat). Papone, the west, is winter (the winter giant); the west wind is paponetin. The west/winter connotes age and dying. (The old sun is partnered to the West and the Rising Sun to the east.)

Manabohzo, Ohzoboho, Odzihozo (N. Alg.) and so on connotes, "spirit it makes itself," "man who makes himself," creation. Man ab (ohzo), or light/white spirit creating itself. The moon grandmother often carries a Hare in her, is even said to be pregnant when she is dark or

new, Yo-ockquiteunk--(comes up from the earth? Out of darkness?); Nan/ockquittan (spirit out of earth)---is also the southeast direction. As anyone knows who is infatuated with the moon and her motions, the Moon Hare jumps about the sky like a rabbit, even coming to the earth when it sets and rises at times. The southeast often carries the rising moon; thus perhaps, Manabohzo is correlated with the southeast. The southern name for moon, Nanepausha(d)t, is in sound awfully close to Nanabohzo, yet another spelling for the Hare in the north. Nana-paushadt means nurse.

The south/southeast is a place of maturation; summer, perhaps of the lone orphan in his n'touwin rite, for Touwuttin is south wind and Towiuock, orphan. In Williams "Key..." (Thus the live wolf in his living form may be an affiliate of the south.)

Kiehtan sent Wetucks (if you are Wampanoag) after the flood, and Manabohzo sent Weetucks (if you are ancient Leni Lenape, or Delaware) to aid the people during the flood. We(e)tucks is close to Wautuques which means conie (hare) amongst some Algonquian speakers. It also suggests the one who could make fire in the house, fire on the water, walk over the water; one who is a relative, a brother or sister or wife--perhaps by inference perhaps the very sister of the moon. We(e)tucks derives from all these words: house, fire, and sister; tucks indicates water.) She/he is a walker on "light and life," a walker on water, a mediator between the underwater spirits and the air. It is possible that the Hare spirit is both female and male, or has various manifestations of itself through its births and rebirths. Indeed one 17th century source says that the major four demiurges in the myths of Virginia are female!

The northwest wind which cuts is Chakekenapok's place. Chakekenapok has roots which derive from violence. It is a maker of violence, or Chekesu, "it cuts," related to fire and flint. The word is found in its various roots in Cotton's Vocabulary and in Williams, as well as Brinton. It may even have a relation to Chac, the violent rain God of Mesoamerica. Thus the northwest is violence and fire, rock, flint and war.

The north is also death, as well as ice and darkness. The place where the spirit carries over. A good place for Wabasso to flee to as he did, for here it is dark (even as it is dark under the earth where the Annamaqui dwell.) Annamaqui, Anna-mock, appear also to be Hobbomock. Those of the under Auke (earth), the Annamaqui have to do with going underground, even as snakes (As (k) ook) and the dead do, even as does the new moon when it disappears from the sky. There is also a relationship with the words to that of the pipe (Hoppuonck) which connects the dark to the light and may possibly also connote death--uonck.

(A half circle of death or darkness occurs from west to north to east, in which there is effectively no sun nor moon, even as the half circle from east to south to west is that of the light. The northern half of the circle is that of the dreaming time, a female time; the southern is that of the male regenerative time. In the dark time the men hunt. In the light time, the women plant.)

Chipiapooso as the northeast spirit of the dead is derived from Cheepi, or Jeebai ghost or spirit, separate-- and Chepewessin, northeastern wind. (Wolf's drowning may have a metaphoric connection with the sunset or even with the sun rising out of the sea.) A case could be made that Wolf is associated with children, as their protective spirit named in the ancient south (with which wolf has an affiliation whilst alive) Muckquachuckquand, for the word is alike to Muckquashim-wock, or wolves. (Perhaps it is that they both howl.) The northeast is the spirit world from which emergence occurs.

The great anthropologist Daniel Brinton has related the Hare to the light, naming the fact that Waban is the east. Only the hare he names as East is Manabohzo in as much as ab is wab is east, light, dawn. (Wompan is day.) The Wabasso is an elusive figure, more likely to me as the

twin white hare, to be the east and the rising light, for waban is definitely east, and the east definitely carries both whiteness and light. (Wa is a root for whiteness.) The sun, and sometimes the moon, rise in the east. Here at the east perhaps both hares may reside at times. Wabasso fled from light when he was born, and yet his name may mean the maker of white, maker of eastern light, also conceivably, snow maker. (One version of the Mide ends by speaking of the hare which makes itself out of snow.) Notably the eastern direction for some tribes has its guardian spirit as an eagle, Wompatuck, or a swan, Wequash (moonlight bird). The east is certainly the rising sun. The east is light. The east also connotes birth and spring; beginning/ emergence.

The “bad” hare, Wabasso, after trying to kill Wolf with the aid of the Annamaqui, flees to the north. (Here he really flees from the light for the moon is never seen at the north. It is a place of cold, of total darkness and death, through which spirits must pass to the north east, Chipapooso’s place with the Owl, to reemerge at the east.)

Maushops, the giant of the Wampanoag, Algonquians of southeastern Massachusetts, could his name be derived from M’ Ashop, or big net. The net, according to recent studies may have been the prime tool of early man’s catch; focusing less on large game than on rabbits and birds. (Even today the Bushmen are very reliant on nets, catching bushbok and other game by hanging them in trees and then having the whole tribe beat the animals out of hiding.) Hare, rabbit, net-maker-Maushops, the affiliate of Hare.

Real Time

When the Giants leave as the white man enters the scene there is almost a Nordic trilogy here: spirits and gods, giants and little people... and then lesser man, but while the cycle of gods and spirits might have taken on a cohesive telling in the past, now, at least to non-Indians, the tales are disjunct.

In one extremely ambiguous set of Ho Chunk (Winnebago) myths it is said that human beings live through four stages of time in which the Foolish One, Turtle the war-maker, Bladder (storage?), and then He Who Wears Human Heads as Earrings (Red Horn) come to aid humans unsuccessfully; these are followed by Hare. In the time of Hare there are also four times: White Spirits (French), Long Knives (English), Field Dwelling, and Worker.

The Leni Lenape or Delaware is the father Algonquian tribe out of which those which spread north and south came. According to their Walum Olum (an ancient pictographic text not verified as real by some) the tribes lived in an ancient place of habitation in Turtle Land, a relatively tropical place, apparently a very large island at the southwest across the sea. (The Anishinabe say that they came from the east.) Man is taught by Hare/human, who in his customary dual manifestations often behaves in sly and tricky way for the good of man whom he instructs in the rudiments of survival, how to make a spear, a net, how to fish and gather, how to make fire which he captures from the sun. Then the people migrate from their island in the southwest because of volcanoes and floods, the latter created by the great snake. They flee with the help of a canoe building weetucks, a sister or daughter of the Great Hare (whose very name, weetucks, as we have said, connotes hare, east, fire, light, sister and house) onwards to Turtle Island and thence eastwards, over a sea which bore ice and on to Snake Island. (Turtle Island is often the name for the Indian world and for the Americas, but the sacred migration account of the Lenape, the Walum Olum, has the American continent as the Snake Island.) Coming to the spruce covered west coast they encountered other humans and hid underground.

As they travel north there is ice and snow.

It is cold. Winter stays and the sun disappears. (Notably in Alexander's myths of the Americas, the stages of global evolution through mountains' orogeny to ice ages, from a more primal version of homo erectus to more modern can be seen depicted.)

Although the Walum Olum does not state it explicitly it is apparently in the ice and snow where that a major phase of the four spirits history takes place: manabohzo and Wolf battle giants and evil on behalf of man (who is always lesser, weaker than the animal spirits) before the annamaqui pull Wolf down.

The Algonquians encounter Flood on their travels, and they flee. In some of their stories, the Hare or the Creative Power sends an eagle to lead them to a mountain top. In some it is a dove.

The Wampanoag according to Medicine Story (whom the tribe discounts for telling secrets) migrated from an island in the south during a time of volcanoes, across the sea northward to mountains; ice came; they moved north again whence floods came; finally they moved toward the sea where they are today.

HB Alexander describes in the myths of North America, a time when people were without fire, or the intellect they acquired later (evolution from erectus to sapiens?) wandering all over, through the ice; Black Elk speaks of migrations and learning curves also, the use of fire, the coming of the bow and arrow; pictographs of Algonkians in Canada show a man with an arrowhead coming out of head, discovery of?

So: Whenever the demiurges come and go in whatever tribes' stories, they in all likelihood are epochal representing phases of earth history.

The fires and floods of Algonquian myths are definitely indications of an interglacial period. Which one is hard to determine. It would seem there were two times of floods; one when sea level rose; one when local waters rose. The Pleistocene has had at least four to ten comings and goings over half a million to two million years. During glaciations, sea level is low, land mass greater and uppity archipelagos more common. While in areas south of the equator, save for the tip of South America, certain mountain tops and Antarctica remained without ice, many northerly areas above the equator were iced. Thus crossing the sea by water and ice was much, much easier before inter-glacials when the sea rose. People could island hop from one continent to the other. Indeed the Hopi myths speak of island hopping by boat in a time before anyone peopled the Americas, and Cheyenne myths talk about wandering from arid lands to iced lands, all the while changing from an unconscious man who could sling animals over his shoulder, to one who, while weaker, was conscious.

The death of Wolf seems to occur well after migrations to the new world, even as does the second Flood and the re-peopling of earth after it. While Hare may have instructed man in gathering, Flint in tool making, Wolf instructs man in the fine points of hunting as in real time the spear and arrow is perfected--and the former net hunting of small animals such as hares and birds, the gathering of eggs and berries, fruits and nuts, yields to a more sophisticated survival.

It is possible that the twin hares may represent the change from the warmer climates to the winter climates of the ice age of the white hare. It is interesting to note that there are brown-grey hares and rabbits throughout most of the earth including its tropical islands, and they have been there since the Tertiary. However, the Arctic Hare which can change its coat from brown to white, even as the moon can change her shape, is associated only with Nearctic areas. This is a creature the tribes would have first encountered when they entered the Ice of the more northerly New World or found during the Ice Age itself. Thus, if manabohzo was a deity of the moon and the old place of habitation, wabasso may be none other than the Arctic Hare, a denizen of the New World, a piece of white moon come to ground (and indeed the Mide' records hare as the snowmaker.)

It is also interesting to see that in Algonquian (as in all aboriginal American) myths there is often Fire and Flood, before, as well as after-- Ice. We think of the Holocene warming at the end of the Pleistocene's last era, the Wisconsinian, as producing Flood after Ice (resulting in the Deluges common to all world mythologies) yet we now know that deglaciations happen in pulses, and that some glaciations even had floods occur BEFORE the ice sheets covered all. Thus perhaps it was at the beginning of the Wisconsinian, at least 70,000 years ago when the Algonquian people left their island. Then too, flood occurred first around the edges of the glacier at Lake Michigan, the place of Wolf's drowning (a place of many changes through glacial periods) -- before the beginning of the Holocene warming period, around 15,000 years ago.

However the sequence, when the earth was created out from the sea, in some myths an earth diver such as muskrat brought up mud to form her. In other myths, the mating of the sea and the sun or the sea and the moon creates the earth. After the great Flood, the earth diver appears once more to RE-fashion earth by diving into water. The first creation is out of sea, the second appears to be out of a huge lake, perhaps once more confirmation of clues to time-tables of true history.

The coming of the Twins or the giants (or Hare in giant form) is associated with the making of the animals to their rightful sizes, the slaying of monsters. In reality, many extinctions of larger animals came at the end of the Wisconsin epoch. It is then that mastodons, mammoths and so on did in fact disappear and the giant beaver died out. It is mentioned in many Algic myths that Manabohzo made the Moose. Moose entered the Americas at least 70,000 ago from the Old World. Another clue?

The native intent may have been the following: One could interpret Hare and Flint as human prehistory, the coming of tools, fire, basic survival gear. Wolf's drowning by wabasso and the annamaqui could indicate a change of tribal life after the Ice age, for the post Ice Age Hopewell and Adena cultures of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys did produce a complex culture, with intensified gathering of foods, trade networks, eventual agriculture, ranked systems of kingship and commoners and slaves, all of which may have extended into the northeast. The bringing of the medicine rite, which white men date as no earlier than the 17th c. century but the Indians themselves say was with the tribes since the Creation Lodge itself, way before white contact and Christian influences, not only helped the flood to subside but it may have indicated a conscious choice to stay primal (in primacy, primary sufficiency, unattenuated by the disastrous specialism of complex cultures.) The northeast may have chosen to stay clear of total involvement in the more complex societies near them (remaining both unconquered and unseduced by the enticements of wealth) even as the Hopi who had experienced Mesoamerican complexity chose cultural devolution through simplicity, austerity and wandering. Thus, the Twins (which reoccur in many forms throughout much of the Americas and indeed throughout the world as embodying the duality of good and evil in man and the universe) who over-provide even while "taming" the earth, may consciously represent the cultural phase of the development and dangers of (native American) civilization, as well as the dangers inherent in man's native energy.

(If the Twins come before the Fooler/Fooled, or after, it hardly matters, for the zeal which almost destroys the world, and the idiocy of the Fooler/Fooled --which assumes that it created the world, yet still makes very funny, ridiculous mistakes by being a prey to every animal's superior wit-- put man's ego securely back in its place. Choice and Socialization are ongoing processes within their historic contexts.)

I realize this is all a stretch, but certainly if both the Flood, and recreation of the animals into their "rightful sizes" mentioned in so many tribal tales, and no matter in what order, are symbolic representations of the very real post Ice Age Holocene warming, with its subsequent floods and diminished animal sizes then can not the other characters also represent other real-time earth changes? Mesoamerican-derived cultures, Mayan to Hopi,

have a Hindu-like mythos which does in fact see man's life in the world in cycles which from civilization to wilderness and back again. In each Turtle Island age man tends to devolve, become dissolute, greedy, materialistic and conquering. Each age of cultural evolution is accompanied by real earth changes, often ending with natural disaster marked by Fire, Flood, Wind, Pestilence and so on.

Perform each section of seven fires in a cloudy forest. Perform each passage by a separate campfire.

The Four Fires

Create a rite with four to eight fires. The four directions, the four ages. Seven: four directions up, down center.

Spring, southeast, Hare, creation, the baby's rite; the southwest Summer, Rock-Flint, makes fire and tools, the teen; the northwest, fall, the black wolf Wolf, the hunter adult; the northeast, elder; winter, the Twins—the white wolf.

eight FIRES: the circle of life.

Circle:East,: creation Baby to **childhood**, animal, physical survival;

Circle:South East, Provision, **Teen**,

Circle:South; aloneness;

Circle: southwest, Rivalry, socialization **adulthood**,

Circle:West, love maturity, procreation,

Circle:northwest, **Age**,wisdom,

Circle: North, spirit, death,

Circle: spirit, northeast reemergence

Four fires, creation, physical, animal, survival baby to child, n.e. to s.e.

s.e to sw. teen provision aloneness rivalry

s.w. to n.w, adult, socialization maturation love procreation

n.w. to n.e. age, wisdom death spirit reemergence

On the solstice of summer (the power of the longest day strength, swim in ocean thankful) I went to the beach With a paho of tobacco, sage, cedar and pine wrapped in bark with feathers dangling (I imagined) the smoke from the ember within the paho, smudging. I thank we thank the northeast, the moon, reemergence, creation, birth the ocean, spring; at the east I thank spring, the child learning his physical self, survival, the animals;, the mothers and children and fathers and elders, the sun-rising, at the southeast I thank the plants and spring, the green corn, the adolescent learning provision, at the south I thank adulthood, the rivals and the alone time, growth, maturation, procreation, summer, the underwater beings; at the southwest the origins of corn, all the plants which feed us and heal us, shelter us and give us fire, the healing wind, the growing rain, at the west the sunset and the grandfather sun and age and wisdom, at the northwest I thank the raven, the rising stars, the dark sky, the coming night, autumn, the harvest of deer and fishes; at the north I thank the place where winter comes, the thunderbird, the snow which regenerates, even as does death; the spirits.

From the east to the south and west I thank the sun, I thank the moon in her eight phases, her full moon grandmother who pulls the tides.

I thank the night, the dawn, the day the dusk.

At the east I thank the beginning of dawn, eagle and the and the Hare who gathers medicine, and the sun, at the southeast I thank flint who makes tools, the sunrise, at the south I thank wolf the hunter who teaches and sings; at the west I thank the grandfather and the twins who made the world right, the heroes, the warriors; at the north I thank spirit and the sleep of water; at the northeast the chepewessin, the sharp winds which cut and cleanse, cleansing storms.

I thank the beings which walk on four legs, the beings which fly both birds and insects, the beings which burrow, the beings which climb, the beings which crawl, the swimmers; I thank the oceans rivers and waters, the sand and the rock, the sky and the air and stars, the moon and sun, the trees, forests, grasses, and all growing flowers and grasses which feed us and heal us,

I thank males and females in all spirits.

I thank which is beautiful, the pearl of light and the blood red of meat, and the softness for fur and feather, thank for clothing for shelter for fire for food for water for love for family, for that all which is life and which is beautiful.

I thank the clean world without man which makes us healthy, in health even in death and for the children. It is not just how we live but with whom.

(I do this in a circle to the directions on the beach)

After we gather rice, we sisters go from one fire to the next.

Thank you for vitality, health, life, kindness, bravery, generosity fecundity.

Thanks for the epochs; snow, volcanoes, earthquake, wandering. At the east thank you weetucks, wautucques, sister who leads migrations and “walks” on water, is the fire in the water, the guardian of the wetu. At the east again thank wetucks, he who taught the people beyond wandering, how to create their needs. Glooskap and wolf, Flint and Maushop.

Thanks to the who we live with and the how, the mothers and the fathers the children and the elders- clouds and shadows, the light and the dark.

“Thus, the Moon cannot appear in every location in the sky for a given location on Earth. There are parts of the sky that the geometry of the Earth moon system simply will not permit the Moon to exist.”

Walk the fires in the ages of man, the ages of the day, the epochs of animal and man.
From when man and animals could speak with each other and holy men could transition between them and fly the world to now when all is solidified.
The ages unwind from order to chaos, walk them back.

Thank you for the eras: ice, prehistory, migration (weetucks), flood, culture new, wetucks, maushops and the coming of colonists, wolf

Synthesis of old and new, modern technology with ancient self provisioning. The circles are spiral, the universe is the path of life is.

Ritual

Make a lodge of four saplings, covered with bark. Build a fire in the center.

The elders will sit at the north. The women to the east; the children to the south.

The participants may wear any symbols they choose; fur, leathers, animal teeth, face paint, feathers, bone.

The western door will be hung with flints, arrow heads. The fire will be closer to it than to the other directions.

At the south and north will be two hares, one white and one brown. At the eastern entry will hang a black wolf skin.

The infant will be brought to the fire. Held in its father's arms, it will be swaddled in a coyote skin blanket.

It will not be let to stand or lie upon the ground. It will not be named until the geese fly north or south.

Then it will be lead under an arbor to the outside, brought back, laid upon wolf fur, given a bow with which to hunt geese, and, named. This is for a son.

The girl will be given a sprig of sage.

Then one of the elders, chosen for his wisdom, will come forward. He will shake owl down feathers over the child that he have insight.

He will chant and shake an eagle feather over the child, that he have ferocity and fearlessness.

Winds will come up. And he will make them stop.

He will stroke the child's face, that he be tender.

He will breathe onto the child, that he live a long life.

Grandfather does the naming, bestowing on the child its name.

The babe is now taken by his or her mother to see the geese fly outside.

She and he return. Now the grandmother shakes a living branch over the child, throws pollen into the air.

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When the baby has had his name for two years there is another ceremony.

Young children are dressed as animal-people. The "ermine" comes to the babe to be petted, the fox does, the rabbit does, the beaver does, the otter does, the sparrow does, the wren does, and so on. (Whatever animals are in your vicinity.)

The deer stands near and disappears out the door. Only his tracks are left on the sand near the fire, near the babe.

The deer returns and circles the child.

(The child of either sex is given a bow and arrow.)

The bear stands about slightly menacing everyone, slightly clown-like.

A live crow or raven is within the lodge who calls at will.

The child is lead outside by the other children. One of the elder children draws a blue circle on each cheek of the initiate, a green stripe on each hand, a yellow on his forehead, a sun and moon near the yellow, and then adorns the child's feet with circlets of something made of plants.

Sage, cedar and pinyon incense is smudged over everyone, so they smell delightful.

The procession goes through a thick evergreen forest where a child-owl, a child-rabbit, a child-cougar stand; and then act out their predator-prey relationship.

All the child-animals form a food tangle, sometimes crisscrossing their hands, getting into formation for who eats whom.

Each animal thanks the other for providing him with meat.

The eldest child thanks them all for meat, food.

The eldest girl asks what gifts the animals give, each speaks a brief gift: deer may say, I teach swiftness. Vole may say, I teach self-sacrifice for everyone eats me; ermine may say, ferocity, for I may slay a foe larger than myself; muskrat may say, to swim; to make a lodge.

(Here is more on what could be used for this part of the ceremony. The leader is an elder child chosen by the others for his leadership abilities, responsibility, originality. The Respondent is any of the "animal-people.")

Leader-What Gifts have the Animal People given us over time?

A Respondent-Furs for warmth, tanned skins for clothes, moccasins, shoes, wool. Food, milk, cheese.

Once it was sinew for thread, bones for needles and awls, skin for drums and tipi coverings, hooves and turtle shells for rattles, claws and teeth for fetish jewelry.

Leader-Why are the birds and animals, the snakes and turtles and frogs, the insects too, our friends?

A Respondent-They eat up extra insects, animals, vegetation, carrion and keep the balance amongst each other; keep each other healthy and strong, in good wits, by hunting each other.

A Respondent-They help plant things by caching and burying seeds and nuts, by excreting.

A Respondent-They build things, and teach us the same. Some like beaver even make ponds where the waterfowl we hunt will come for cover, and the wood duck nest.

Leader-You the animal-people come to man; you give him a gift of knowledge, what do you choose to give?

Fox-How to hunt anything, how to adapt to many circumstances.

Wolves-How to hunt as a team.

Deer-How to hide, how to be swift, how to conserve energy.

Mouse-How to store seeds.

Chipmunk-How to make separate rooms inside our burrows.

Mice, Squirrels, Rabbits, Bear-How to know what is good to eat in nuts and berries and wild greens.

Bear-How to know medicines, how shamans may understand how to make the dead come back to life.

Skunk-How to defend oneself without killing How to seek eggs of birds and turtles. How to dance in a circle under the full moon. (This is supposed to really be true, that skunks sometimes assemble in circles nose to nose. Mandan women adopt "skunk sisters." We can have a chain of skunk sisters here.)

Opossum-How to change homes if needed.

Ermine-How to be eager, swift and brave against those larger than myself.

Woodchuck-I taught man how to make long burrows underground.

Prairie Dogs-In the west we taught some men to make his houses like ours, half underground.

(Depending where you are doing this rite, adapt the animals of your region to the ceremony.)

Leader-What qualities of character would you give to man?

Fox, Bobcat, Coyote-Stealth

Rabbit-Gentleness

Vole-Self-sacrifice; everyone eats me.

Rabbit, Mink, Coyote-How to be good mothers and fathers, for we take long care with our young, instructing them in how to hunt, build dens, survive in winter; feeding them, and we protect them from all enemies.

Coyote Vixen says-I prefer him to be so gentle he will withdraw from a fight with another Male.

All the animals say in a chorus-We cooperate rather than compete to the death. We may

fight amongst our own kind but seldom kill each other. We prey on others to eat and not to kill for its own sake. We do not take more than we need.

Leader-What do hunters do for the hunted?

Respondent-Make them swift and smart and strong.

(The rite might play a game here, wherein a hunter animal is chosen; other children are “trees”, some are the hunted. The hunted are safe from the hunter if they can go to a tree. See how many of the hunted the hunter can take.)

Initiate-Coyote and fox taught us to stand within a circle of roots: from this we learned to make our dens circular, of saplings and grasses, to go out of them to hunt.

We saw how they come out of their brush huts to seek the lairs of voles, moles, weasels, by signs they perceive with their eyes and by hearing--to go by the grassy lairs of rabbits and bobwhites, by the resting spots of opossum and the to sniff on the ground, to use their hearing, so we learn to stalk patiently the prey which is ours, and we learn to sharpen all of our senses, to hear, see and scent well.

Muskrat and beaver too taught us well also to build our round lodges. They taught us to build by cutting and weaving. Squirrel taught us to build, pulling bark and needles and grass and sod over the tree roots. Foxes taught us to dig out our houses. The birds taught us the round woven house was warm and secure against the winds who cannot get a hold on it but slip over like snakes.

Rabbits in their grass forms taught us to sleep outdoors. They taught us to be peaceable, to self-sacrifice, for they like vole, breed extra young to be eaten by coyote, owl, hawk, fox, bobcat and even wolf, by owl as well and hawk.

The totems which we use then are what we have become by understanding the gifts these animals have given us.

They taught us how to survive, keeping warm in winter in our round dens, and they gave us fish in early spring.

The deer tribe and the waterfowl taught us how to roam the season, up the rivers and down, how to use the inland woods for our homes in bad weather, in winter, even to use the swamp--to come outland and out of shelter in warm weather onto the meadows by the waters.

The creatures of the water like otter and duck and even whale have taught us how to swim and to round up fish. Otter and whale do it with each other, like water wolves; we do it with a weir. We learned from the spider to make the weir net.

Mink taught us how to hide ourselves in a bank when we spear fish, for so it hides in its burrow before diving.

Turtle taught us to make a canoe, we are he upside down--and to rattle in music and to carry our homes on our backs as we do when we pack our goods to bring with us.

Mink, weasel, skunk, burrow into the earth to get warm and to have young; we honor them with certain of our ritual lodges. Though we do not often burrow into the earth to keep warm, we know how to in an emergency. Possum, raccoon, squirrel, these know how to use a tree for shelter, and taught us the same in emergencies. Mole, shrew, vole, gopher, the small ones, taught us how to lay low how to conceal ourselves from enemies.

Chipmunk and the other small creatures, taught us to store berries, nuts, corn for the winter and other difficulties.

Snakes taught us to be in bad temper and not kill each other.

Shrew taught us to how to kill something larger than ourselves by using poisons.

Many animals taught us to circle and backtrack and confuse those following us.

Animal People, Respondents, Leader, Initiate: We thank you and ask for your blessings.

They dance together in a circle, throwing pollen over each other's fur.

The initiate is lead to a field. Here are sheep.

One of the children, a female, goes to a loom, weaving.

The animal children dance amongst the sheep who may react in their sheepy way.

Thank you sheep for your wool and meat and milk and cheese.

Now any child who wants to say a poem about an animal may. (Here they may recite a sheep or opossum poem, for instance.)

The initiate is lead to another part of the field where a movie screen is set up: here is a town and no animals. Here is a city and inside, above the great lights of the night, a child his age, pets a stuffed animal.

Rattles and bells and drums continue, a flute plays. Children make animal sounds.

The children return into the lodge, where the elders have stuffed owls upon their shoulders and they make owl sounds. It is dark now.

The littlest children are dressed like birds and turtles, frogs, fish, insects and flowers.

Everyone feasts and tells tales of animals.

A brief movie is shown of other parts of the world: Africa with its lions and giraffes and

the tribes which live amongst them; Norway and the Lapps with their reindeer; Tibetans with their yaks; Japanese fishermen with their fishing cormorants and so on. The screen shows city kids with their puppies, park squirrels and gerbils. The children of these scenes wave at the children in the lodge.

People exchange gifts of something they have made or harvested from an animal, a fur, a piece of jerked meat, a woolen sweater, a feather necklace.

The powwow over, those who have participated return to their communities, tribes, farms, towns, cities.

The boys and girls enter the round lodge made of saplings and bark.

There are five fires within.

At each fire they pick up an adornment.

The elders who are the guides are dressed in duck regalia. (The duck regalia symbolize the ability to exist in air, water, and earth.)

At the first fire they are splashed by the elders with sea water from a wooden bowl; they taste the salt. A horseshoe crab shell is put on their heads. They see live fish in a large bowl, fish from the sea whom they thank. Some of the elders do a whale song and dance, imitating the actions and songs of humpbacks or other whales.

At the second fire, they are given an oyster to eat. They are given a necklace of shells. The children make shell music.

At the third fire they are to wave cattails over each other's heads. The down is broken open by the elders and sprinkled upon them. They are given a feather of a red winged blackbird and a snowy egret to tie into their hair. The children make a reed and feather music.

At the fourth fire, fresh water is in a bowl and is splashed over them; they taste it.

The elders rattle the turtle shell at them. They look into a bowl of fish. They thank the fish.

From a gourd one elder shakes "rain" over an upturned bowl with grooves cut in it, placed on the floor within another larger bowl filled with water; the waters run down to the "sea."

A song is sung with rattles, bells, chimes, violins, in praise of this.

The girls do a raining dance. The boys do a sea thunder dance.

An elder who is dressed in a symbol from animals of the land and the air, such as a beaver tail, bears, claws, deer antlers, a raccoon tail, an otter pouch, an owl and hawk feather, a flicker and bluebird feather, says: Everyone thanks the water. Everyone uses the water.

One girl does a bird-bathing-in water dance. The other children imitate animals drinking at the stream. Two boys imitate otter and muskrat swimming and diving and playing.

The shaman elder makes tracks appear in mud by the water.

At the fifth fire incense from pine or spruce is burning. The boys are given spruce boughs; they create a shelter and beds from these. The girls are given flowers or herbs strung together in a necklace. They name three or four of their area which are important and say their uses, thanking them. They exchange herb necklaces, draping them upon each other with delight and dancing with the flowers.

These are our mothers. Thank you, they say.

The boys are given bracelets of sweet grasses they have previously woven for the girls; they now give one apiece to each girl. The girls pick up long branches, one each of the forest in their area; they give these to the boys.

The boys and girls are taken outside. It should be spring. They journey all about their nation. If it is America, they walk from the seashore to sand to the salt marsh, up the river past the swamp and the cattail wetlands, to the natural grassy meadows and into the forest and the mountain.

They descend into desert, cactus and mesa.

They walk to the canyons and colored rocks of the southwest of America.

They walk to the rain forests of the northwest.

They wander into lush natural fields filled with sunlight and grazing animals, birds.

Now they walk upon the globe.

They walk to the African savannahs to see lions and giraffes; they walk to the mangrove jungles to see leopards.

They walk to the deserts to see camels.

(Add as many typical places as you wish, make it global.)

They climb a ladder from the underworld beneath the earth up to the stars; they take a handful of stars and throw them down upon the elders.

They paint themselves with blue for the sky and waters, green and brown for the earth and her grasses and forests and flowers and plants, red for blood, yellow for the sun, white for the stars and the spirits, thanking these with feather bundles and smudges as they go.

I dreamt last night that the Oneida were doing a full moon ritual.

After the master of rite blows the pipe tobacco to the four directions and the up and down, thanking them.

The representatives of the spirits come in one at a time each wearing a mask and acting like the animal as they circle the fire from west to north to east to south to west.

The pipe-bearer chooses a woman, she says:

The moon is a flame on my back, heating my soul; around the flame enter the spirits. There is an evil in the souls of men, we seek to expiate with spirit and smoke, grandmother aid us in your mercy.

She turns in the streams of moonlight which hit the earth and powder the trees; she says:

The bear who brought medicine we thank;

The beaver who taught us to build, we thank.

The squirrel who taught us to gather, we thank

The deer who watches us, deciding to give his flesh to us, we thank;

Deciding to give his skin and hooves and sinew to us, we bless you

(she sprinkles tobacco on the spirits, while she rattles a turtle rattle in the other hand.)

Upon the wolves who taught us to hunt;

Upon the weasel whose ferocity surpasses larger enemies

Upon the cleverness of elusive rabbits;

Upon the eagle who taught our spirits to rise to meet the creation

Upon the owl who taught us to travel between life and death;

Upon the crow who brought the corn,

Upon the vole who taught us self-sacrifice for he allows himself to be eaten by so many, prolifically.

Duck who may see beneath the water to the underspirits, fly within the air and walk upon the ground, to the turtle who carries us, to the frog who inseminates, to the otter whose power is great, sliding through many worlds bringing light

Upon the corn who feeds us

upon the sapling who builds our houses and gives us the means with which to survive
(as fire, bows and weirs)

upon the rock which allows us to live

the soil which the rock creates in which we plant.

upon the water which is our life blood; upon the rain which she bears, and the snow which he bears.

(a child brings water in a sacred basket)

upon the air which we inhale

all the beings breathe and extend their arms, wings.

NOTES

1. Sixties Smaller Utopian Reveries Revisited

The “Counter Culture” of the Sixties derived from ideals set forth by Rousseau, continued by Thoreau, Emerson, Brook Farm, revisited and extended by Marshall McLuhan, Alvin Toffler, the Nearings, Barry Commoner, E.F. Schumacher, Edward Abbee, the Erlichs, the Fox Fire books, the Lovinses, Mother Earth and Mother Jones News, CoEvolution Quarterly, the Club of Rome. The goals were those of subsistence within nature, “limits to growth,” community, a return to generalism (as opposed to specialization as the sole source of a life), the materialization of a state of decorporatized “smallness” (in conjunction with more helpful central governments.) Some thought this autonomy via decentralization might be accomplished with the aid of selected technology such as the computer. If the Sixties meant self-sufficiency, going with the flow of earth and lands, not against it, devout anti-materialism, it also meant taking the best of culture as well as nature in synthesis. It meant universalism, multi culturalism, tolerance, NON-VIOLENT CHANGE.

It meant not being obsessive, forcing, but laid back, reactive--sharing, creating a pleasurable rather than Hard life; honoring leisure, labor as real labor with our real needs and freedoms redefined. It meant looking at life, love, sexuality, with the Indian’s “honesty of nature,” (a phrase coined by a young friend of mine).

2.

More?

What is it about materialism which is so self perpetuating? Why does the accumulation of goods, riches, things, technologies, always seem to lead to dissatisfaction and the endless craving for “More, More, More” -- for individuals and whole societies alike?

How often modern “civilization” says about a simple tribal culture (whether in Peru, Mesoamerica, the Philippines, Africa etc.), “Oh, they have nothing. They are so poor.”

Many of them who are happily self-sustaining still, may well look back on us and wonder at the frenzy of our needs.

While we are made captives by those needs, these “poor” cultures, are in fact often happy, emotionally rich. They have the immediate bounty of their own hands’ and bodies’ produce in season. They have the bonds of love, of clan and tribe. They have multiple skills; many individuals are generalists able to weave, pot, farm, play music, speak with spirits, apply herbal remedies and so on. They have complete mythologies, rituals and rites.

To them, what do we have? We know how to do a job, shop for our ever expanding needs, surround ourselves with objects, and receive, rather than create, our entertainments. Instead of using our hands, we buy. Instead of being motivated by sharing with the Other, the Community as a whole, we are Self-oriented, Our Self, Our Family Only. And how many of us are “happy?” Most of us feel trapped, as if we trade our time to buy our lives. Many feel empty, dispirited, overwhelmed. For even when we enjoy our “jobs” and our lives (our arts, our families) we are prisoners of economics. It can be argued that tribals are prisoners of natural events, fire, flood, drought. Well, one man’s prison is another man’s palace. It can be argued that for modern culture, the more developed we become and the more we do our jobs, the more we use up earth for our needs, ultimately cutting off our own noses to spite our faces.

3. The European influenced west considers all art to be the product of the individual. A great painter, composer, choreographer, writer, architect, makes “great” art. Arguably the only group product in western art is informal music, such as jazz. While some art comes from the guts of the artist’s life and is therefore transcendent, revealing, even uplifting, it is nonetheless, in the west, passively received, listened to, viewed, a device to be consumed, a technology often divorced, even as are our western religions, from the ground and the sources of life.

For a time in the sixties, participatory art enjoyed an experimental phase. It was inspired by the group arts of other cultures. People living in primacy, in natural conditions, produce art as a group, and every individual in the group may produce his or her individual art as well. The actual living of life is an artistic event. In primal cultures the idea of life as art which some Bohemian artistic circles in complex cultures aspire to, is enacted every day.

While some of my poems are obviously not for children but for adults, things do not have to be simple for kids to understand them. I have always believed that we underestimate the intelligence of youngsters. Yes, they are heart animals first, they love to love furry cute creatures, but from the earliest age of thought and feeling, human creatures can comprehend more abstractions more facts than we give them credit for and those perceptions can color their future values and actions. I have been amazed at children voicing things so far beyond their conscious comprehension that they may come from some kind of human species imprintation on their genes which has the texture and density of telepathy. We all, at any age, know more than we think we know.

4. Poetry

Poetry, either with rhyme (I disagree with Technologists of the Sacred, the first work to investigate poetry as rite, which discards all rhyming poetry) -- or without, may attempt to function as rite. Language may attempt to incur a result. Language may attempt to accompany an unwritten set of actions, such as dance or the playing of music, which together create ceremony.

Any poet tries to increase the field of human perception in "its" (as Monty Python would say) own small way, and thus increase the quantity of good actions which come flowing out of perception in the world by opening humans up through that peculiar confluence of rhythm and imagery, rational and irrational experience which is poetry, and which impels the gut-action ("impact") it can have beyond the sum of its parts.

Poetry is like vision quest, even the simplest. Ideas, abstractions come in fresh from the field, fresh killed, instinctive. Prose is the council, trying to make order out of vision, to give it cerebral reason, shape for action.

(Poetry and prose combined in a work imply action and reaction.)

Poetry: Dance into a trance, select from the vivid moment, abstractions; put them together. It happens. It creates. It has power. Prose is reaction, time, consideration. Poetry is instinct, quick. Prose is slow

Read poetry after a walk, with a fresh health which allows openness, in the same mood as you would participate in a rite. Well, since most of us have never participated in a rite, save for going to church, I can suggest that for some, being outdoors, actively stalking or merely observing, doing theater, even listening to rock and roll, for individuals sensitive to certain stimuli, all possess drama. Drama (however you get it into you) is a unifier, sealing minds to each other through the mysterious, the impassioned; releasing us to relaxation afterwards after the suspension of tension.

Whether in performance or in audience of the art or moment there can be "double reality:" a transcendent sense (similar to that of the hunter's) that the moment in art (as in nature) is heightened by willed selection, by disciplined participation in the outward world, by complete immersion in (the rite of) immediacy. "Double reality" fuses the subjective internal intensity of the participator (whether actor or acted upon) to the coincidental external moment of art. Somehow, like the hunter's reality, there is both kill and thanks at the same time. This kind of moment can implode into a quasi-religious experience.

(I circle around the quarry and leave it to others to light the rush lights and make the dance perfect and new.)

Some poetry, like the great Hart Crane's brings imagery to the reader. Some poetry is declarative, Aiken or the Walum Olum, lets the reader hearer supply imagery from his own experience and context. The more you can bring to any art, the more you become its performer.

5, On Losing the Owl.

Shamanism is associated with animism. Both exist more purely in hunter/ gatherer societies. The gods are spirits in the hunter societies: Spirits which hold not only the poetic sense of aliveness in creation, but which can affect and change life.

In more agricultural systems, the transformative spirit seems to be more vital to plants such as corn or wheat. The embodied essences of forces become more fancifully spiritual, more divorced from man and animal. In planting cultures, the gods tend to become more masked and manlike (even as the society may turn more matriarchal). (Iroquois, Hopi, Zuni.)

In patriarchal herder societies, gods become associated with the power of the herded animals. (Cataal Hyuuk.)

Increasingly settled, animal-centered agricultural societies identify us with domesticated beasts, comfortable and tamed, dominated. Stories of "beasts" are now on smaller, more secular Aesopian scales. Spirit becomes more personified in moral tales for man who is now afraid of wild beasts. (Wildness threatens settled man: beasts come to stalk him; animals raid his crops). Note the shift for instance from tribal joy in the sight of an owl, to fear of him as a carrier of death which occurs universally in societies which are evolving into agri-heirarchical states. (Babylon, feudal England, Hopi)

Deer is no longer spirit food to a hunter, but is replaced by a cow. Hunters no longer identify with owl-hawk-wolf attributes for swiftness, stealth, ferocity, as shamans no longer ride between life and death. Divorced from the essential elemental power, dependent not on nature, but on what man has himself created for comfort, safety and reliability, the mythos changes. As civilization progresses we lose touch with the ability to travel in the ecstatic mode described by Eliade, and to cure via spirits. Vision, mystery, the ecstatic, once free to all men, becomes embodied in cult, in theatrical realizations (through art objects, and priests) of beliefs. As progress intensifies, belief becomes yet more anthropocentric and more attenuated from everyday life, abstracted.

Fluidity becomes solidified. Life forces change to ones that honor only the worlds of the dead.

As the age of material expansion enters, manlike gods appear. As empires dominate, Man as the Supreme god appears with accompanying hierarchies and distant concepts; often the further man is from control over his life, the more the god is distant.

Thus religion moves---from the shaman's directness, his immediacy as god-talker; to the animist rebirth rites of very early Greece (of Soyal for the Hopi), to the beast-gods, often conjoined with men as heroes or demi gods as in the epic of Gilgamesh, to the unambiguously man-gods of the kind of Roman mythology, and finally the Godhead of the JudeoChristian myths, Buddhist spiritualism, Confucian heirarchies.

In our age, rational "objective fact" (science) becomes the god. As man's life and spirit becomes increasingly separated from each other and from the land, the search for the excised objective correlative takes the place of any subjective validity for spiritual vision, of any holistic approach to unity between the two. (When civilizations fall, the spiral begins again.)

In the prime or first or primal world, conflict is brought into resolution through rite: earth with sky, father with son, death with life, rain with sun and so on; and evil brought back into balance with the whole of the world.

Once the circle is broken, civilization begins, itself a linear process of emptying out. The paradox is that primal society within nature is open, an open shape, where civilization is an enclosed one: (pulsing gas yielded to devolving planet.) Civilization could be called an upgoing process whereby the power of each of the spirit passages is usurped according to the power of the controllers; and the very symbols change accordingly, lose their spirit, become materialized. There are then, positive circles, negative circles. Circles which fill and circles which empty out. (If you speak of a serpent to those have sought the wisdom of a vision quest, it may ultimately, in its metaphor have more meaning - be more accurate a description of the spiral process of the world, than all the oblique configurations of physics.)

6. Cultural biases predispose people to hate. The idea that one group is superior to another; crowding, competition, fear, misunderstanding, envy, add to the witch's brew, as does the idea that one group is somehow smarter and more competent than another because they are more well adapted to a particular dominant society's norms. Jamake Highwater in the *Primal Mind*, suggested that cultures, races have evolved with different concepts of how to live life, different abilities, that even when these are stereotypical, that is not necessarily a bad thing. In fact, the very stereotypes should be honored for their diversity.

People who feel oppressed will seek to oppress. (It's a displacement activity, like gulls pecking gulls when they are pecked.) Where humans are held in chains by other humans, or by a severely competitive life, the cycle of Dominance-Seeking tends to continue. If people knew fairness, the ease of just fulfillment within their own communities (whether economic and cultural OR self-sufficient and natural) then they might feel assured enough, relaxed enough to share that good fellowship with others outside their communities. End oppression, and in some cases, tolerance will flow in.

Yet bigotry won't be relieved solely by a change of lifestyle or even liberation from life threatening oppressions and injustices. As long as turf wars, the need to establish "Mine and Yours" creates suspicion and hatred--urban and rural folk, "brainy" and "brawny" alike, will know hatred and prejudice. Willing a dire change in attitude towards universal tolerance is part of the solution.

After all, it takes a lot of boring and upsetting energy to hate.

It is just no fun.

(Instead of reacting to the tension of modern turf wars, realize we are all in difficulties of one kind or another, together. Party.)

8. Poet and anthropologist, Ruth Benedict pointed out that one man's culture is another man's poison.

Not everybody can do the same things. Not everyone comes from cultural roots whose material, spiritual lifeways are cerebral, materialist, specialized, urban.

Today most people in developed nations are ruled by the technological and the economic.

Even rural factory workers and farmers have to make money to buy their needs, do not produce them for themselves as in the past. Thus, in a sense every life way is an urban or at least suburban one. Not everyone is comfortable with that.

The prizes of economies are not enticing to everyone, even if they can break the code of the predominant society in order to enter it, and "make it" there. The culture may be one which is alien to their real fulfillment, which they enter because they have to to survive, but which by individual (personal) or cultural nature they are really not predisposed to enjoy.

The arts, entertainments, information, words, things which our culture offers, the life way, is not of equal joy to everyone.

There are, or could be, for many, other lifeways, other joys, other satisfactions, less passive, more active. These might well provide more independence than do the economic means to "freedom" and autonomy.

Not everyone wants to use their brains at a desk for eight hours a day. Not everyone wants to be an urban, suburban or, rural economic specialist. Not everyone wants to passively shop, take in thousands of words of entertainment and information via books, movies, TV, even schools; not everyone wants to eat countless dinners out, countless supermarket provided dinners in--to consume.

Some want to produce their own needs, to find different rewards, aesthetic satisfactions, arts, to live more off the land, more communally, even more tribally, as horticulturists who grow what they need for their own use, and as hunters and fishers, with access to some of the pleasures of the predominant culture, but also with access to these

other, natural hand-coupled-with-body in season skills, and their outcomes for fulfillment.

The supply via the material culture of immaterial benefits--those of community, friendship, family good will, and a sense of contribution--are not necessarily gained by riches. The good life for one's family as the Nearings well articulated, is not necessarily bought and paid for. In fact, the way we live our lives today may hinder the achievement of a good life.

There are other norms and possibilities which may be satisfying to many. And for those who do not want an active first hand, natural life, who enjoy passive consumption--at least let them have fair and just and equal access to the means to provide that way for themselves. At least let them not be stymied by the subtle prevention of accomplishment by the predominant Insider group. And if they are passive consumers, let them not invade, pervade and exploit those who wish to remain more natural and autonomous. And let those who want that more independent life outside the system we have created, one taking place in a more natural context, be helped to find that.

To hyperbolize: If One major group controls the kind of life a society has (and if the group and the lifeway itself allow no alternatives to be survivable), and if that group controls the very access to the Single Dominant lifeway, the society is going to very likely end up being be pressured, unjust, unfulfilling (not to mention riddled with the reaction to thwarted Ambition which pressured societies create: bigotry).

Not democratic, pluralist, innocent and joyous.

Out Take:

Re Poem

out of the entrails of the earth
a magma
in the center core volcanic red
the nickel steams
the snake and bear
the fog become

In caves we wander, emerge to pass
to frothy stunned forsythias
in the flagrant, fragrances
of vague and vagrant grass
to where the sweating April sedges
throw up their stems

{The wetu itself appears to be a mnemonic which in its very framework reminded the people of much of their spiritual lives, the eight directions, the major culture heroes and teachers and the world eras they represent; the seven or more honorings; the circle of life from entry at the east of rising light, to the symbolic passing through from life at the west; the season; the process of the circle: survival and creation; provision and rivalry; socialization and maturation; spirit; re-creation.}

As one source says: "Also, the Purification Lodge was constructed, ideally, from sixteen willow branches so arranged as to mark out the four directions. "

The toy was cuddly and green. I could push it, make it wobble and dance. It was of no particular being; not really an animal, not really a person. It was itself.

Waiting to be imagined into stories, waiting to participate in a little girl or boy's life, waiting to be snuggled and loved.

Every human goes through a process from babyhood to adulthood which entails an identification with the animal, a discovery of place--where the context is for his survival--a discovery of the physical being; learning of survival and provision; moral choice (wisdom).

The kind of culture he emerges into, natural primary or technological secondary will color those pieces. For instance the animals which an Indian child will see to identify with will be wild; those of the farmer, domesticates; those of the urban child, perhaps only pets and toys. The place of the primal child will be deep woods, unbroken prairies, mountain views with no cities. The place of the exclusively farming child will show its whereabouts, and that of the suburban one might have tracts of forest broken by houses, churches, stores and lawn. The city has its own context.

Within "the where" the child develops a sense of being, a physical (and mental) self enacted through games and play. For

the Indian the games might be very handed, that is using the hands' and body's skills for tracking or making bows and arrows, imitating hunting or the planting of corn. The suburban boy might play strenuous game of sports, hide and seek; he might go canoeing or hunt, but not as a part of his survival. (Notably, the games of the girls, their physical sense of self may find itself in universals, less different from context to context.) Survival and provision off the land might be for the Indian and the farmer, that of hunting, fishing, planting, while the suburban or urban child learns schooled specialisms. Choice (moral wisdom) in the deeper wilderness is simpler more natural, whereas in the more "civilized" complex society it is likewise more complex, shaded by the culture's values, less by nature's plain view.

The sections of this book divide into (Universal creation) 1-Creation/Animal, Physical Context or Where and Physical Self, 2-/Provision: Survival, 3-/Rivalry, Aloneness, Socialization; 4-Choice. (Spirit)

These pieces correspond to (Universal Spirit) Baby, Child, Adolescent, Adult (Age, death and rebirth). The book is an attempt at a rite of passage through these mortal eras, with poems for each age group.

Six sections of reality. Nothing is rigid, everything spirals; a piece of one set may be found in another.

